

This paper is specially devoted to the advocacy of the speedy, personal, pre-millennial advent of Christ, the glorification of the church at that epoch, the dissolution of the heavens and earth by fire, their renewal as the everlasting inheritance of the redeemed, and the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth, and while rejecting as it has from the commencement of its existence—the doctrine of the unconscious state of the dead and extinction of the being of the wicked, it will aim to present the truth pertaining to the cross and crown of Christ in such a way as to make one of the best family papers.

WHOLE NO. 1689.

BOSTON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 187

Selections

WAITING.

In the lone watches of the lonely night,

Ever wet with tears, I wait for Thee,

I wait for Thee to quiet all my fears,

Ev'n as the first faint gleam of morning light

Chases the shadows from each mountain height.

I wait for Thee when sunshine glads the day,

And far and near the hum of labor falls upon my ear,

And like a flowing river on its way,

In crowds will pass the sorrowful and gay.

The night is dark, but far above I see

Heaven's lamps hang out, Heaven's lamps hang out,

As if to smile away the inward doubt,

That will not leave my heart, but cling to look,

Like my own shadow, whereso'er I be.

I wait to hear Thy voice as soft and sweet,

To see Thy smile

Comfort and soothe my doubting heart the while,

I grope my way through valleys, lanes and streets,

Alone; no friend in all I pass or meet,

I wait for Thee. Oh! wait Thou very near,

Grief then were joy, and doubts and fears would then no more annoy.

My soul, arise! the still, still voice I hear,

Like music sweet it falls upon my ear,

—Christian's Tract Society.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE B. HENNINGSON.

It is one thing to believe the doctrine

of the new birth, and quite another to

experience it. Many believe in the Per-

sonality and indwelling of the Holy

Ghost, as a teaching of the New Testa-

ment, who have never realized it as an

experience. So, with regard to the

peace of God, that passeth all understand-

ing, it is believed in, and preached as

a doctrine; but how few, comparatively,

have the experimental realization of

God's peace; Christ's peace, dwelling in

their hearts, keeping their hearts, and

minds, as taught in Philippians 4: 7,

Col. 3: 15; and yet this peace, was be-

queathed to his disciples by Christ, as a

parting gift: "Peace I leave with you,

my peace I give unto you." What a

precious gift is this—how shall we esti-

mate it? "My peace," "the peace of

God," "the peace of Christ." A pastor

only has need to go among his flock to

find out how surely care, anxiety, rest-

lessness, fretfulness, misgivings, of all

kinds, with the reference to the spiritual

life; how the things of this world trouble,

perplex and cast them down, and so to

discover the absence of that blessed peace

which the dear Lord left us to "keep,"

and "rule in our hearts." And when we

speak to them of the gracious provision

God has made for us, with reference to

"everything" that could disturb or

trouble, they not unfrequently answer:

"Oh yes, that will do for you and other

people who have placid dispositions, and

are naturally patient and even-tempered,"

etc.; thus ascribing to nature what God

has made to be of grace. What, then,

is the peace of God? It is not "peace

with God," in the sense of our reconcil-

iation, on account of the atonement of

Christ. It is not peace of conscience

which comes, also, by the purging of

blood. It is not peace with all men, or

among the brethren; but it is that calm,

deep rest that inhabits the being of God,

the counterpoise of all trouble, and

anxiety, (John 14: 27) and which God

works into the soul by the Holy Ghost.

Those memorable words of Christ: "My

peace I give unto you," must stamp it as

being a peculiar and blessed gift; and

especially is it significant in view of the

fact that it seems to be a distinguishing

character of the divine being. Our Lord

is called, again and again, the "God of

peace," the "Lord of peace," and again

it is significant in view of the connections

in which we find it spoken of. In John

14: 18, it is spoken of as fortifying us

against "troubled hearts," and against

"tribulations in this world." Paul, writ-

ing from his prison, says: "And the

peace of God shall keep (garrison) your

hearts and minds;" as much as to say, in

all your troubles, in all your perplexities,

do not be cast down; they cannot hurt

you; they are all under God's eye, and

hand; remember that God's peace stands

guard over you; (this is the force of the

word "keep," in Phil. 4) what shall

make you afraid—what shall disturb

you? and so, again, in Col. 3: 15, where

we are exhorted to "let the peace of God

rule in our hearts." Oh! if God's peace

be king within us, how surely shall all

disorder give place to order, all anxiety,

and care, and trouble, to a calm and un-

disturbed repose! And let it not be sup-

posed that the blessed calm that comes

to that soul who lets the peace of Christ

rule in his heart, is the calm of indiffer-

ence, or the dullness of insensibility; for

it comes into and guards our hearts, when

circumstances are such that would natu-

rally fill us with fear and quivering anxi-

ety; that preserves the calmness and

quiet of the soul in the face of such pro-

vocation as would set "the old man of sin"

in a passion or rage. In fact, it is that

peace—"My peace"—that governed and

comforted the dear Lord through all his

ministry of trial; that enabled him, when

reviled, not to revile again; when

scolded, not to scold again; when

blasphemed, not to blaspheme again; when

persecuted, not to persecute again; when

hated, not to hate again; when

despised, not to despise again; when

reproached, not to reproach again; when

insulted, not to insult again; when

spurned, not to spurn again; when

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derided, not to deride again; when

eat power, and 'reign with his saints
the earth.' Then will be

cones surpassing fable, and yet true!
ness of accomplished bliss, which who can see,
such but in distant prospect, and not feel
self refreshed with forecasts of the joy?

BOARD MEETING OF THE A. M. ASSOCIATION.

We give below the Secretary's minutes of the special meeting of the Board held at week, and the Treasurer's quarterly report—which would have been appended to the minutes of the Board meeting held in October last, had it been received season:

SECRETARY'S MINUTES.

Dec. 9, 1873. A. M. The President, J. Pearson, Jr., in the chair. Prayer by G. W. Burnham.

The attention of the Board was called to the matter of change of name of the *Record*. It was stated that a change of name would incur the liability of losing the right to the office rooms of the Association. After conversation, it was decided to authorize the Committee to apply to the Legislature to make the change; and that, if they fail in that, to continue the publication of the *Advent Herald* and issue the *Messiah's Herald* so.

The Board selected a style of letter for the new heading. It was voted to demand of the Treasurer of the Boston Advent Association the unpaid dividends which have accrued, and the President, J. Pearson, Jr., was authorized to make the demand. Voted, that the chairman call the attention of the subscribers of the *Herald* to the matter of systematic benevolence, connection with the distribution of cards which have been prepared.

A communication was read by the chairman, from Dr. T. Wardle, relating to the above subject. The Missionary, Elder Geo. W. Barnham, made his report, which will doubtless appear in the *Herald*.

Voted, that a statement of the account of our Missionary be so presented from week to week in the *Herald* that the friends abroad may be apprised of the financial condition of the mission.

H. CARRFIELD, Rec. Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To the standing Committee of the A. M. Association on the Treasurer's quarterly Report ending Oct. 1, 1873.

Receipts.
Subscription to *Herald*.....\$77 00
Books and Tracts sold.....142 16
Cash donations.....1072 80

Disbursements.
Cash on hand July 1st.....\$3022 93
July 1st.....111 91
July 1st.....2134 87
July 1st.....1501 59 \$3333 23

Editorial.
Foreman.....125 00
Compositors.....224 00
Press-work.....100 00
Clark & Co., Paper.....400 00
Curran & Co., Types.....200 00
Postage & Boxes.....21 96
Wrapping Paper.....18 60
Boston Journal.....12 25
Postage Stamps.....18 70
Thomas, Twombly & Co., Paper.....30 20
Gas Bill.....5 33
Carrying mail to post-office.....5 33
Printing Leaflets.....1 00
6 Clerks.....37 50
Quarter's Rent of office.....37 50
Whitewashing office-rooms.....12 00
Mending Windows.....3 50
Express.....50

Interest on W. B.'s note.....\$1474 95
Interest on W. B.'s note.....72 08
Books & Tracts bought.....1550 75
Bal. of Oct. 1.....\$3333 23
R. B. KNOWLES, Treasurer.

STOP MY PAPER!

The following we find in an exchange. We know not its author, but we can appreciate the course he suggests. Let none who think of stopping the *Herald* at the close of the volume fail to read it.

(1.) *Selfishness* said—Do it. "You will save by it, and be the richer." (2.) *Economy* said—Do it. "Your expenses are large. You must take in sail somewhere, and here is a good place to begin."

But I had other advisers, and told the above named to be quiet, while I heard others. (3.) *Intelligence* said—In the more than fifty issues of the paper, during the year, you will have every variety of food for your intellect. Science, art, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, learning, old and new, history, geography, biography, &c., will spread a very respectable portion of their stores before you, and you cannot but be wiser before the year ends.

(4.) *And benevolence* said—You are not any too large-hearted now; and if anything can melt the ice of selfishness, and expand the heart with true and fervent good will to men, it will be such a picture of the world's sins, wants, and miseries as, during twelve months, it will lay before you.

(5.) *And Spiritual Wisdom* said—There is scarcely any better Commentary on the Bible than a good religious periodical. Ten thousand bees will bring forth the honey. Prophecies are rapidly being fulfilled; divine promises are being performed; Bible doctrines confirmed; providences illustrating the sacred records constantly occurring; missionary operations in all lands successful, &c.; all these bright clouds will sail over your horizon so that, in fifty weeks, you will get fifty times that number of the lessons of that wisdom that cometh from above.

(6.) *Personal Piety* said—A higher type of the Christian life should be the history of the near at hand New Year; and you cannot get anywhere, save from the Bible, more varied and pressing and affecting appeals for the higher life of the soul than are contained in the weekly sheets of a good religious periodical.

(7.) *Conscience* here appeared, and gave *Selfishness* a frown that caused a

hasty exit of that personage, and bade *Economy* be wiser in counsel next time, sustaining all the above appeals in behalf of the cause they plead, and making me feel that I could not do a more unwise thing than to stop my paper.

"OH, MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM!"

A Scotch lady in Canada, now over eighty years of age, sends us four pages of the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record for the Free Church of Scotland*, published in 1844, and which she has treasured up all these years for the sake of the above-named "ancient canticle," which it contains. She desires its publication in the *Herald*, and we willingly comply with her request, thinking that others may be attracted and comforted by some of its stanzas.

A KEY TO THE HEART.

Perhaps we might as well preface this "spiritual song" by the following incident, related by a correspondent of the *Missionary Record*—"A Presbyterian minister, American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, happening to be in New Orleans some short time ago, was asked to visit an old Scottish soldier who had wandered to New Orleans, sickened, and was conveyed to the hospital. On his entrance, and on announcing his errand, the Scotsman told him, in a surly tone, that he desired none of his visits,—that he knew how to die without the aid of a priest. In vain he informed him that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian minister, come to read to him a portion of the Word of God, and to speak to him of eternity. The Scotsman doggedly refused to hold any conversation with him, and he was obliged to take his leave. Next day, however, he called again, thinking that the reflection of the man on his own rudeness would prepare the way for a better reception. But his tone and manner were equally rude and repulsive; and at length he turned himself in bed, with his face to the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and reject nothing. The minister bethought himself, as a last resource, of the hymn well known in Scotland, the composition, I think, of David Dickson, minister of Irvine, beginning,

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

which his Scottish mother had taught him to sing to the tune of "Dundee." He began to sing his mother's hymn. The soldier listened for a few moments in silence, but gradually turned himself round, with a relaxed countenance, and the tear in his eye, to inquire, "What learned you that?" "My mother," replied the minister, "and so did mine," rejoined the now softened soldier, whose heart was opened by the recollection of infancy and of country, and now gave a willing ear to the man that had found the Scottish key to his heart."

THE EDITOR.

The editor of the *Record* says of the old hymn: "We have long admired it on far higher grounds than antiquarianism can furnish, and would wish it to be in the power, of mothers especially, to 'speak to their children in this spiritual song.' If Mr. Lewis be right in his conjecture, as to the authorship, our readers will agree with us that this production does not detract from the well-earned fame of the great and godly minister whom he names. We rather think Mr. Lewis is mistaken in supposing the hymn to be well known at the present time, in Scotland. The chorale verse lingers in many parts of the land, but so far as our observation has gone, and we have been somewhat curious on the point, little else is remembered. We give it entire, with the exception of twelve lines which do not harmonize with the rest, and which have evidently been interpolated for a purpose which it is not difficult to divine."

"O mother dear, Jerusalem! Thy joys when shall I see?
When shall I come to thee? O to thy aid I flee!"

"O happy harbor of thy saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil."

"In thee no sickness is at all,
No grief, no toil, no care;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for ever more."

"No dimming clouds o'er shadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night;
For every soul shines as the sun,
And God himself gives light."

"There lust nor love cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
No hunger, thirst, nor heat are there;
But pleasures every way."

"Would God I were in thee!
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!"

"No pain, no pang, no bitter grief,
No woful night, is there;
No sob, no sigh, no cry is heard,
No willows nor fair."

"Jerusalem the city is!
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God the light thereof,
Sit there upon the throne."

"O God, that I Jerusalem
With speed might go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound,
With tongue cannot be told."

"Thy towers and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
With jasper, pearls, and chrysolites,
Surpassing pure and fine."

"Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear."

"Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy balwicks diamonds square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God, if I were there!"

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clear;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there appear."

"Jehovah, Lord! now come, I pray,
And end my grief and plaints;
Take me to thy Jerusalem,
Place me among thy saints."

"Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face;
They triumph all, and do rejoice;
Most happy is their case."

"But we, who are in banishment,
Continually do roam;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
Perpetually we groan."

"Our sweetness mixed is with gall;
Our pleasures are but pain;
Our joys are not worth looking on,
Our sorrows still remain."

"But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure, and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seem but as yesterday."

"O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King in glory on his throne,
And thy felicitie?"

"Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautiful and fair."

"Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen."

"There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There hard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
What pleasures there are found."

"There nectar and ambrosia spring,
There musk and civet sweet,
And many a fine and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet."

"Along the street with pleasant sound
The stream of life doth flow;
And on its banks on every side
The tree of life doth grow."

"These trees each month do yield their fruit,
Forevermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their homage bring."

"Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
Full sore I long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell with thee."

"There David stands, with harp in hand,
Among the heavenly quire;
A thousand times that man was blest
Who might their music hear."

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Thy joys I fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to thee!"

"O write thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away;
That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
And sing thy praises aye."

"Jerusalem, the happy seat,
Jehovah's throne on high;
O sacred city, queen and wife
Of Christ eternally."

"O comely queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree,
All fair art thou, exceeding bright,
No spot is found in thee."

"I long to see, Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For it is sweet and beautiful,
No ill can it befall us."

"In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear,
No night, no shade, nor winter foul;
Thy time doth not alter there."

"No candles burn, no moon doth shine,
No glittering stars do light;
For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Forever shines bright."

"A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
Thou dost stand in lieu of his sacrifice;
Of every light: thy glory is thy King,
Thy heavenly King to view."

"He is the King of kings, heathen and Jew,
In midst his servants right;
And they, his happy household all,
Do serve him day and night."

"There dwell the quire of angels bright,
There the supernal host
Of citizens who now are freed
From danger's deep resort."

"There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six;
The glorious martyrs in a row,
The confessors betwixt."

"There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all exist;
Young men and maids who here on earth
Their pleasures did resist."

"These sheeps and lambs, that hardly scape
The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell."

"And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet are the joys of all alike
And common, as we see."

"There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In glory spiritual."

"They love, they praise, they praise and love,
They 'Holy, holy, cry';
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually."

"O happy thousand times were I,
If after wretched days,
I might with listening ears enjoy
These heavenly songs of praise."

"Which to 'Eternal King are sung,
By heavenly wights above,
To praise the God of love,
O passing happy were my state."

"Might I be worthy found,
To wait upon my God and King,
And there his praises sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above."

"His favor and his grace,
According to his promise made,
Which here I interlace:
'O Father dear,' said he, 'let them."

"Whom thou hast given of old,
To me, be there where I am,
My glory to behold,
Which I with thee before the world."

"Was laid in perfect wise,
Have had, from whence the blessed sun
Of glory doth arise."

Again:—"If any man will serve,
Then let him follow me,
That where I am, he may right sure
There shall my servant be."

"And still:—"If any man loves me,
Him loves my Father dear,
Whom I do love, to him myself
In glory shall appear."

"Lord, take away my miseries,
That then I may be bold
With thee in thy Jerusalem
Thy glory to behold."

"And so in sign, as my King,
My love, my Lord, my all,
Whom now as in a glass I see,
Then, face to face I shall."

"O blessed be the pure in heart,
Their Sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy heavenly wights
Who of God's household be."

"O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
Those gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar ever long."

"Yet once again, I pray thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to thy hill I may obtain,
And dwell there all my life."

"With cherubim and seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O Lord of hosts,
For evermore. Amen."

"HILL'S SAINTS' INHERITANCE."

We have on hand nearly fifty copies of this valuable work. Every one of them should be sold immediately. Men and women ought to read them, and our office needs the money. They will make good holiday presents. Price, \$1.00, including postage. Send in your orders.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Then they that feared the Lord shall stand out to another; and the Lord bequeathed to him a book of remembrance, which he wrote for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

LETTER FROM BRO. HIGGINS.

Dear Brother, Oracles—Not many Sabbaths since I heard a sermon on the prophetic periods of Daniel's prophecy (Dan. 9th and 12th), and was well pleased with the way the subject was handled, until the preacher made one or two statements that I am persuaded will not bear investigation. These were brought out in connection with the period of seventy weeks (Dan. 9: 24-27), and were substantially as follows:

1. The new covenant was confirmed by miracles for one week (seven years) first by Christ and afterward by the apostles,—Christ being "cut off" in the "midst of the week," or in other words crucified. The week was said to end at the time that the sheet was let down before Peter (Acts 10: 9-10), thus convincing him that the gospel was not only for Jews, but Gentiles also, and from this time onward no miracles were performed.

2. The preacher said, that he was often asked why there were no miracles in the present age of the Church, and he always silenced them by stating that it was not in accordance with the Bible, for the day of miracles ended three, and one half years, after Christ died; and further, the proving of miraculous power after that time would affect the truth of the Bible.

At the time these statements were made my confidence in the preacher led me to drink it all in as truth, but after a very short interval I was impressed with the fact, that there were miracles performed several years after the expiration of the three and a half years. This led me to look for myself, and I am brought to the following conclusions:

1. There were many miracles performed by Paul, from ten to nearly thirty years after Christ's death—for example:—

—1. A man impotent in the feet, was made to leap and walk (Acts 14: 8, 9). A. D. 45. A spirit of divination was cast out of a woman (Acts 16: 17, 18). A. D. 53.

—2. The imparting of the Holy Ghost to some of the disciples of John the Baptist (Acts 19: 6). A. D. 54. Many special miracles enumerated (in Acts 19: 11, 12. A. D. 54). The restoration of life to the dead body of Eutychus (Acts 20: 9, 10). A. D. 58.

—3. The viper's bite that was not fatal (Acts 28: 35). A. D. 62. The healing of the man who had the bloody flux (Acts 28: 8). A. D. 62. Other diseases cured on the island of Melita (Acts 28: 9). A. D. 62.

2. The performance of miracles after the end of one week does not make the confirmation of the covenant any the less true. Peter, after his vision of the sheet began to preach to the Gentiles (Acts 10: 34-38) and Paul confined his labors to this people, while previous to this time Christ preached to the Jews only and confirmed his preaching by miracles, and the Apostles, for three years and six months also labored with Jews, thus confirming the covenant to that people for one week.

3. If miracles were required to convince the Jewish people of the true character of Christ, would not the same be still more of a necessity to convince a people that had no knowledge of a coming Saviour? This would of course call for miraculous demonstration just at the time when it was given by Paul; and doubtless the other Apostles had the same power.

4. The fact that miracles can be proved to have been wrought after the point of time stated by our brother does not to my mind detract from the truth and divine authority of the Bible, but rather should strengthen the same, inasmuch as it shows more conclusively that God gave the Gentiles all the change of saving themselves that He gave to the Jews.

5. If, asked why miracles are not wrought in our day, the reply would be,

that we have so much evidence now in favor of Christ the addition of miraculous power would not to any great degree add to the effectiveness of the gospel, and I am not sure it would in the least.

One thing is certain, if God saw that such a demonstration of his power would be for the best interests of his cause, it would be given even now, and what seems best to God, ought to be accepted by man as such.

Praise the Lord! I know too much of the rich grace and love of Christ by an experimental knowledge to be led to doubt the word of God. I know that the love of Christ dwells richly in my heart, and that, from the bountiful hand of God are bestowed upon me blessings without number, for which I am indeed very thankful; and though my knowledge of the Scriptures is as yet very imperfect, I do know that God is true, and though men attempt to prove the Bible a fabrication, yet will my trust be in Jesus as the only source of true peace of soul and hope of future life.

What a Christian knows by experience of the love of God, all the infidels that ever drew breath cannot make him believe to be false; and whenever an objection to God's word is presented, or anything looks a little out of joint, my confidence in God's word will let me have no rest until that point is clearly settled to my own mind, for I know that the Bible has everything in it that is needed to successfully oppose all that can be brought to bear against its truth.

Come, my friends, never give up the Bible, but ever remember what God has done for you, and starting there you can bring forward arguments that Satan himself cannot gainsay.

Yours for Christ's cause,
E. C. HIGGINS.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 5th.

YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD.

Dear Editor—Rev. G. W. Burnham has been with us for the last four weeks, and like his Master, whom he faithfully serves, he has gone about "doing good." He has preached three discourses each Sabbath in the two halls that he obtained; but the attendance has not been large, owing to the season of the year and the common prejudice of the Philadelphians against worshipping in a hall when there are churches so numerous in the city.

This too is the experience of Rev. Mr. Eberly, late of Shrewsbury, who is here in a hall on Girard Avenue, trying to raise an interest in the cause of the United Brethren. He has an up hill time.

Bro. Burnham left us yesterday for his home in Newburyport, carrying with him our best wishes and prayers for his future success in the great missionary field, for which God in his providence has so well qualified him. His discourses here were able, eminently practical, and well calculated to do good. His last two sermons on the Abrahamic covenant and on the kingdom of David's greater Son were among the best that we have heard for a long time; in fact, I went home rejoicing and blessing God that I had ever cast in my lot with a people that are so sound in the faith of Abraham and of David. Should the promise fail to them then it will or may do so to us; but it can never fail, for "it is ordered in all things and sure."

God has said, "If you can break my covenant with day and night and if the ordinances of heaven should fail, then will my covenant with David fail" (Jer. 31: 35-37; 33: 20, 21); consequently we rest secure on the never-failing promises of God. All will be realized and that before long.

Thanksgiving day Elder Burnham, Dr. Wardle and myself went to hear Dr. Sears. He took for his text Rev. 21: 1-5, and gave us a "thanksgiving sermon" worth hearing. He (1) contrasted the new heavens and new earth, and the holy city, the New Jerusalem, with the present old heavens and earth and this city—and what a contrast he made!

(2) He showed who will celebrate the "harvest home" in the kingdom of God—the saints. The president here appointed the day of thanksgiving and calls upon all Americans to celebrate it; but the great God of the universe has made a call upon all nations of the earth to come to his grand banquet—the harvest home of the redeemed. (3) He noticed the condition of those who heed the call to our national thanksgiving, and the future condition of those who heed the call to that eternal one to come. Here we are mortal, sickly, feeble, and dying; but there the gathered ones will be immortal, having no more pain, nor sorrow, nor death; "for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living water, and the Lord God shall wipe out all tears from every eye" (or remove the cause of all sorrow). And when the doctor exclaimed, "Would God I were there!" my heart responded, "Amen, even so; come, Lord Jesus!"

Yours in the great and glorious hope, T. R. GATES.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 5, 1873.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister Mary Green writes from Junction City, Kansas, Dec. 2nd:—

"All I learn of that blessed hope, of the appearing of our Saviour, the Lord from heaven, I gather from the Bible and the *Advent Herald*. I have prayed and longed for some of our good Advent preachers to come west, that they might be the means, with the Lord's blessing, of preparing a people for the coming of the Lord. I give away all my papers after I read them, that some may there-

by be enlightened on this subject. I am striving through grace to be prepared to meet my Saviour with joy and not with grief. As I am now seventy-four years old, I expect my time is short on earth. May the Lord help you to keep the truth before the people till the Lord comes to give reward to his faithful servants.

Bro. M. S. Perkins writes from Montague, Mich., Nov. 28th—

"I am fully persuaded that the day of the Lord is at hand, and am seeking a moral fitness for its solemnities and grandeur. Our world has almost come to be a grand insane asylum! The 'salt of the earth' has lost much of its savor; by being too freely used to season church festivals, and in making 'vanity fairs' to suit the taste of the world—pampering a perverted appetite for 'hunks' and the 'apples of Sodom' at the expense of the soul! 'Eating and drinking with the drunken' was literally carried out a short distance from here not long since. A drunken man at the table was the clown where money was squandered freely for a sister 'church benefit.' 'How Long, O Lord, how long!'"

Wm. S. Howden, of Bristol, Vt., writes under date of Dec. 3rd—

"I am a strong believer in the final destruction of the wicked; yet I like the *Herald* for it is conducted in a Christianlike manner and has a good spirit, and wish its circulation was very much larger than what it is. We do not all look alike, and do not all see things alike; but that is no reason why we should not treat each other as brethren as far as we walk in the footsteps of our Saviour. When we meet on Canaan's happy shore we shall probably see some we did not expect; and some we did expect will not be there. We shall then find out (if not before) that we here, in our present state, see through a glass darkly;—although I believe that nearly all the light there is, on earth at the present time, is with those who believe in, and are looking for, the speedy coming of our Lord from heaven. One thing we must guard against, and that is sectarianism; it will creep upon us like a thief in the night, if we do not watch. Oh! what a mighty influence those who are looking for Christ's coming kingdom might, have if they were only united. All things go to show that we are nearing the end. May the Lord bless you exceedingly, is my prayer."

Obituary.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

MOBILE. Dec. 11, 1878. In Pittsford, Vt., Oct. 29, 1878, after a long and very distressing illness, which she bore with great patience, Abigail, widow of Robert Morrill of Peabody, Mass., died at the age of 84 years.

All that is "lovely and of good report" belonged to her character. The Bible and *Advent Herald* were her chief joy, and if the latter failed to come the day it was due she would be greatly disappointed. Though a firm and consistent believer, she could not seem to bear the thought of dying—nature shrunk from the pain and weakness consequent on grappling with "the last enemy" (1 Cor. 15: 26), and she hoped to live until the Master's return.

"Let others build their hopes below," etc., was her last lucid utterance. I love to think (I wish I knew) that the spirits of loved ones come to her in the hour of need, to help her and to accompany her to the rest that is for the weary. [We have reason to conclude that angels come to convey the spirits of the just to paradise (Luke 16: 22), but not that the spirits of loved ones departed do it. Ed.]

Dear sweet mother! she has left us a bright example, and we hope to meet her again in the "sweet by-and-by!"

Mrs. G. H. Osborn.

General Intelligence.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

Rev. A. Carrasco of Madrid, who was lost on the Ville du Havre on his return from the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, of which he was a member, established the first Protestant Church in Madrid. When only sixteen years of age he was sentenced to the galleys for life on account of his religious opinions, but was afterward released and banished from Spain. Recent events admitted of his return to that country, where he has been an efficient Christian worker.

A Catholic lady who died not long since in Hamburg left \$80,000 to the Jews of that city, and now there is trouble about the proper disposition of the money.

Dr. Heurtley, Margaret professor of divinity at Oxford, recently withdrew from the Oxford Union banquet because procedure was given there to Archbishop Manning over bishops of the English Church. He has issued a circular giving the reasons for the course he adopted.

The Rev. Henry Brown, a Straffordshire, England, clergyman, was married lately to the daughter of the Rev. E. T. Codd, vicar of Tachbrook. As the bride and bridegroom were leaving Mr. Codd's house, the customary old shoes and a quantity of rice were thrown at them. Some of the missiles struck the horse, which bolted. The driver was thrown off the box, and the carriage passed over him. The carriage subsequently came in collision with a cab and capsized, and was smashed to pieces. The bridegroom was thrown out of the window, and is in a precarious state. The bride was not hurt.

A Salt Lake dispatch says several parties of Mormon converts, who emigrated from the old country last summer, have within the last few weeks returned, disappointed and disgusted.

Strat, Jones, wife of Eli Jones, and for forty years a favorite preacher of the Society of Friends, died Thursday, Dec. 4, at her residence in China, Maine. In the year 1851, having visited and addressed a large portion of the society in the United States and Canada, she in company with her husband, also a distinguished preacher, visited the new Republic of Liberia in the love of the gospel. And from 1853 to 1855 they traveled in the same service through England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, the south of France and Switzerland, and were everywhere well received. In the year 1856 they again visited England and Ireland, and made thence two missionary tours to Egypt and the Holy Land. The important feature of these missions was the presentation of Christianity by a woman to Mohammedan women, from the Quaker standpoint of Christian equality of the sexes in social life, religion and the ministry of the word. She was listened to with great attention, and schools in which her views are being taught are now in successful operation in those countries. In her later life she was largely engaged in visiting prisons and in presenting the gospel to the unfortunate and friendless.

Rev. Dr. Phelps preached the closing sermon of his twenty-eight years' pastorate with the First Baptist church in New Haven, Ct., Sunday, Dec. 7th. It was a season of deep interest; his subject being "Remission and Recognition in Heaven." 1st. 1 Thes. 2: 19. At the close of the sermon, a young man, a recent convert, was baptized. Dr. P. stated at the communion in the afternoon, that during his pastorate 1,217 had united with the church, 615 by baptism. He had solemnized 431 marriages, officiated at 587 funerals, and preached 8,340 sermons.

A Massachusetts correspondent of the *Advance* has found a Scriptural argument in favor of half-fare passes for ministers—or free passes for that matter. His text is Ezra 7: 24, "Also we certify you, that touching any of the priests and Levites, singers, porters, Nethinims, or ministers of this house of God, it shall not be lawful to impose toll, tribute, or custom upon them."

Bishop Cummins has unfurled his new Episcopal banner, says a correspondent of the *Christian Secretary*, "so that we now have High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and that other church; and when we read, as we have been wont of *The Church*, we shall hardly know which *The Church* is referred to."

Right Rev. D. B. Smith, D. D., Bishop of Kentucky, has issued a paper announcing that Dr. Cummins will be tried for a violation of section 1, canon 2, title 2, and saying that any Episcopal act, pending this trial, will be null and void. All members of the church are enjoined to give no countenance to the movement in which Dr. Cummins is engaged.

A Hint.—There are two small churches in a little village. All the new people who come to live in the village go to one of these churches and not the other. Both are neat, both are pretty, both have the pure gospel preached in them, both have good pastors, both have good members. Now what draws strangers and outsiders to one church more than the other? Can you think? Because the people in the one shake hands with them, and are glad to see them. When a stranger comes to town, they take pains to hunt him up, and ask him to come to church with them, and make room for him in their pews. *Observer and Commonwealth.*

Church Theatricals.—The worst of it, our conscience is so defiled that we feel quite as innocent and out of harm's way in some theatres as we do in some churches. That is to say, we find very bad actors in both, and occasional clowns in the pulpits, and grave and serious gentlemen in the theatres. And we see people going to church with all their worldlyness, diamonds, and lace, and tucks and frills upon them; and saying with the most beautiful acting in the world, "Lord, be merciful to us miserable sinners;" and we cannot for a moment help asking—when we see what we see—if it is not the theatre. *Banner of Holiness.*

THE INQUISITION IN ROME. LETTER FROM REV. W. O. VAN MEETER.

"Whom the gods will destroy, they first make mad," is being illustrated by the "infallible" Pío Nono. Father Grassi, who for thirty-three years performed successfully the duties of priest, confessor, curate, retired abbot, Lent-preacher, and lastly, incumbent of the great Basilica, Santa Maria Maggiore, has cast down robes, honor, emoluments, abandoned prospective promotion, and united with the Baptist church under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Wall, of England.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Wall, he called to bid his associates farewell. It was a scene not to be forgotten. They knew well that he whom they had so long known, loved, and honored, was sincere. As a loving father he told them of the terrible conflict through which he had passed; why he had given up all and chosen his home with a little company of Christians meeting in a tent, and begged them to consider well his reasons. All were deeply moved; and when he arose, they gathered around, embraced, and kissed him. Six of his

associates have followed him to inquire what is truth. Last week, in one day twelve priests called on Mr. Wall to ask for light. Among them was a D. D., an LL. D., and a D. P.; another, the superior of a convent, on Sunday sent a priest to Mr. Wall for tracts and Scriptures, to distribute among the inmates. For a few days nothing was heard from "headquarters" concerning the "apostate." But last Sunday the silence was broken. The Vatican had decided to try its strength—revive the Inquisition, and make an example of Father Grassi. The "Infallible" comforted a delegation of priests with the assurance that the "apostate" would soon be swept away.

Immediately he was summoned before the Inquisition to recant or endure the penalty. He decided at once to appear, not because he acknowledged its authority, but because it gave him an opportunity to declare the truth before these men.

He applied to the government for protection, but was advised not to venture, and that if he did go he must bear the responsibility. Rev. Messrs. Wall and Dunt called on the Inquisitor-General. He accompanied them, but remained outside, so as to be out of danger.

During the interview the General, learning that he was below, secretly sent an officer saying, "Your friends desire you to come in. Not suspecting the snare, he followed—not, as he thought, to where his friends were, but to another part of the Inquisition."

By some means the door was open, and Mr. Wall caught a glimpse of him as he passed. The traitor flashed across his mind, and he called to him to instantly escape, which he did. Of course "nothing wrong was intended."

Another interview was appointed for nine o'clock the next morning. Father Grassi, assisted by Mr. Wall and a priest, who is a prominent professor in a college in Rome, spent nearly the whole night in preparing his vindication.

In the morning, after bowing together and committing all to God, we started for the Inquisition. Father Grassi took my arm, and as we walked along the Via del S. Umizio (street of the holy office) thinking of our brethren who had preceded us, but who never returned, I reminded him of our Saviour's words, "Fear not them who kill the body;" etc. (Matt. 10: 28-32), and of the precious encouragement, "Let not your heart be troubled;" etc. (John 14: 1, 2). Arrangements had been made for friends to stand in the street ready to render assistance if needed. Four of us went in. We were promised permission to be with him, but they desired to see him alone a moment first.

He had been advised not to trust himself in their hands, but now came a trial of moral courage such as Nehemiah experienced when he refused to shrink from danger, asking, "Shall such a man as I flee?" and Luther, when he said, "I will go to Worms though the devils are as thick as the tiles on the houses." Grassi entered alone, and the door was shut. We could only beg God to keep him and enable him to "open his mouth boldly," and declare the truth.

Soon loud and earnest talking was heard. Again and again admission was demanded and promised, but not granted. For nearly an hour we waited, then the door opened, and our brother was with us again. Taking my hand and pressing it to his heart, he said with deep emotion, "E finitio! E finitio!" "It is finished! It is finished!"

Significant words! The Vatican had determined to revive the most infernal institution ever devised by diabolical ingenuity, and try its power upon one who had so long been a favorite. This was its first attempt, and I greatly mistake if Grassi's words will not be found applicable to the "Most Holy Roman Universal Inquisition."

He is calm, tender, humble, and modest, yet firm and fearless. Not often do we witness such moral heroism. "Alone he stood before his inquisitors; declared the truth, entered his protest, denounced their iniquities, defied their powers, and scorned their anathemas. To give you a more correct idea of the man, I give you a few closing sentences of his defence. Think of him alone, unprotected, and in such a place. Warning up into the holy enthusiasm of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, and turning upon his inquisitors, he said,—

"Oh you inquisitors, pontiffs, cardinals, and prelates, God speaks to you! To what have you brought the true church? She that was so pure, so beautiful, so glorious, you have betrayed, violated, despoiled, wounded, and crucified by your doctrines, superstitions, and immorality, and sealed her doom by your blasphemous 'Dogma of Infallibility.' Hear what God says to his suffering children: 'The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' Do you not tremble at these words? Who but Satan instigated and inflicted the tortures in this place? Oh, could these walls, within which so many have been burned, speak—could this roof but echo back the cries of agony from your innocent victims, and the vaults beneath us reveal the corpses of those who have been buried alive, no other sentence of condemnation would be required."

"But the breath of God has forever extinguished the fires of the Inquisition, and swept away your power; therefore I stand before you to-day, and declare these truths, while you dare not touch a hair of my head! Yes, God has begun the work, and soon this tribunal, these walls and instruments, will be bruised under our feet, and scattered as ashes to the four winds, proclaiming to the world that the 'Most Holy Universal Roman Inquisition' is dead—dead, because God

has crushed it under the feet of His children."

"Oh ye obstinate ones, hear me! Hear one of your own brothers, who has said mass, and confessed, and preached with you. Weep not over me as 'living,' I am not dead, but among the 'dead,' and stand before you to announce the resurrection of that church, which you have tried to drown in blood. Yes, he is rising, glorious as the morning light, and ignorance, superstition, heresy, and tyranny, flee before her!"

"Farewell, church of my youth! Farewell, companions of my misery! Alas, alas! it has been a misery of destruction! Oh, if my word has yet any weight with you, I beseech you to open your eyes to the light—to abandon that system of darkness in which you are groping, and accept the true light which Jesus offers to you!"

Well may they gnash their teeth upon such a man! Let prayer without ceasing be offered in behalf of this dear brother.—Selected.

DISRAELI'S PROPHECY.

The cable a few days ago reported that Disraeli had just delivered a speech at Glasgow, in which he predicted a general European religious war—or, as he put it, a conflict between the spiritual and temporal powers—before many years, and that the result would be anarchy and confusion itself.

That is all that the cable brings, but it must be confessed there are pretty good reasons for making the prophecy. The present condition of all the great European powers suggests it. Mr. Miall's persistent efforts to separate Church and State do not tend to allay British temper towards the question. The agitation for Irish home-rule may, as the famous Jew hints, tear the mask from much that is now concealed, and bring bitter opponents, made thrice determined by the subtle and variant efforts of Priest and Bishop, face to face. What is the Carlist movement in Spain but the outcome and expression of a fierce religious superstition? The soldiers of that fanatical leader even cover their hearts with woolen shields, embroidered appeals to the Almighty, that he will protect them while waging his holy fight. In Italy almost the sole antagonists of the Government are found in the clerical party. Emisseries are said to be at work throughout the Kingdom, trying to weaken Victor Emmanuel's power, and to incite an insurrection whose aim shall be the restoration of temporal power to the Pope.

In France the state of affairs is quite as unassuming. The clerical party, indeed, which mainly makes the strength of the monarchists there, received something of a check in the late failure of the Bourbons to ascend the throne. But the plotters themselves still live. A mere rebuff will not silence them. Neither would a much more serious rebuff than that awe them into quiet. The Holy Father has repeatedly assured the French monarchists that his eyes are ever yearningly towards them in his time of abasement. It may be safely assumed that he will leave no means untried to precipitate an uprising there that will help the Catholic cause. The French are easily wrought upon, and he may have some hope who would seek to arouse in them almost any destructive purpose.

One of the representatives of Protestantism in France, M. Pressence, lately wrote to a Paris journal as follows:—"It becomes more and more evident that religious questions are assuming a preponderant place in the struggles of this so-called positive century. Just now we find religion underlying the whole State action. It dominates our home and our foreign policy; and if we do not show ourselves watchful and resolved, we shall ere long find ourselves engaged in that most frightful form of war—a religious one. Crusades are preached in a shameless and a ruthless spirit, not only from the pulpit, but in episcopal letters and those circulars which give the tone to French pilgrimages."

Those are significant utterances, and the basis of fact on which they rest only increases their interest. And they would apply to the condition of Germany quite as well as to that of France. The movement there, which is led by Hyacinthe and Dollinger, and other conspicuous members of the "Old Catholic" order, which means a reform of the abuses which have so large a place in modern Catholicism, is winning its way, perhaps, but it has foes who only wait for the opportunity to choke it to death. The late correspondence between the Emperor and the Pope, which was referred to here not long since, only shows how strongly opposed to each are the aim and policy of the other. Intriguing priests are frequently found whispering in the German ear, and the activity of the clerical party is only equalled by that of the state. In the light of this condition, the recall of Bismarck to the Cabinet and the complete authority which he is given over that body, receive fresh significance. The late serious conspiracy of Roman ecclesiastics in Russia brings even that cold country into the passionate circle.

So we have a condition of almost clerical conspiracy, from the British Isles, across to Spain and Italy, up through France and Germany, and extending into Russia itself. There is evidently ground enough for Disraeli's prediction to stand upon, and that without putting so much as a toe on American soil, where the Bible-in-School and the Sunday questions would not forbid it to appear.

Woe to Europe if the ex-Premier prove to be a prophet indeed. There is no war so fierce as a religious one, as well there shouldn't be. But there is, doubtless, no immediate cause of alarm. Although the condition abroad may certainly warrant this detailed allusion to it, still the reins of government are mostly in prudent hands, and they will not

needlessly drive upon the spears of war.

Morning Star.

NEWS ITEMS.

London was enveloped in an unusually dense fog Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 9th, and on Wednesday morning. A telegram dated the 10th says: "There were numerous accidents yesterday both in the streets and on the Thames. The hospitals are filled with people who were run over or otherwise wounded. On the river three persons were killed by collisions between crafts."

The decision of the court martial in the case of Marshal Bazaine, one of the oldest officers in the French army, has been reached. He was accused of capitulating Metz and the army in the open field without doing all that was prescribed by honor and duty to avoid the surrender, and after a trial which has run through months the Marshal has been declared guilty. His sentence is that he be degraded from his rank and afterward executed. All the members of the court have signed an appeal for mercy.

Several chiefs of the Kafirs, in South Africa, recently visited the Colonial Secretary and pathetically implored him to prevent the licensed sale of liquor among them.

Statistics show that in the mountainous regions of Switzerland and Savoy, deaf mutes are more numerous than in flat countries. In the latter, deaf mutes are about one in five hundred, while in the former they are one in twenty.

England annually puts 3,000 street boys under training for her navy. At 17 they commence a ten years' period of service, and at 27 they are free. There are 20,000 now in the service, and the experiment has succeeded so admirably that it is strongly urged that the system be extended, and 10,000 a year be taken to train for soldiers, engineers, and artillerymen.

The American trade dollar has been made legal tender at Canton, and it is expected that it will become such throughout the East.

A CALIFORNIA paper describes the discovery of three villages of Zuni Indians, supposed to be the survivors of the ancient Aztecs. They dwell on the great trail from Fort Mohave on the Colorado, to Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, and are about a day's journey from the diamond field. They number about 6,000, and are very different from other tribes, being in looks, bearing, and pride of dress a manifestly superior race. The women are comely and modest in their dress, their houses are clean, and their cooking is good. These people have fields of corn, wheat and vegetables, flocks of sheep and goats, and they keep all the domestic animals.

Ten counties in Southern Kansas have suffered so severely from prairie fires, losing the winter's store of food, that actual starvation is threatened unless relief shall come from the outside.

Twelve hundred of the public-school teachers in New York city have petitioned for a restoration of the right to inflict corporal punishment on students. The *Observer* says that the petitioners have "divine wisdom" on their side.

Manufactories throughout the country are resuming operations, and ere long trade will be as brisk as before the panic.

The city of Dover, N. H., has attained its two hundred and fiftieth birthday, being seven years the senior of Boston. It is, with the exception of Portsmouth, which was settled at the same time, the oldest settlement in the state.

A wonderful trade is that of petroleum. Twelve years ago the first sale embraced 250 barrels and the sale was heralded a "large" one. In 1861, the export of the whole country amounted to 1,500,000 gallons. In 1872, the export amounted to 150,000,000 gallons, and during the seven months of the present year, more than 145,000,000 gallons have been exported.

EXTRAORDINARY DARKNESS.

The *London News* of October 24th says:—"Early yesterday, Woolwich experienced a sudden and almost unexampled visitation of darkness. The morning had been wet and gloomy throughout, but at 1 P. M. the sky was overcast by a dark pall, which seemed to obscure every vestige of light from above. The darkness was not that of a London fog, for vista of lighted windows could be seen for a long distance. It was rather the darkness of midnight, but there was a reddish tint in the sky like that occasioned by a great fire. The atmosphere was very heavy and oppressive, the rain had ceased, and the sun, which had been blowing from the southeast, entirely abated. The effect was dismal in the extreme. Nervous people encouraged the most dread forebodings; more reasonable ones attributed the darkness to an eclipse of the sun, but found no confirmation in the almanac. Fowls went to roost, pigeons and other birds stopped in their flight to seek the nearest shelter, and every living thing seemed impressed by the scene. The period of intense gloom lasted about five minutes, when light gradually broke from the west, and in an hour afterwards there was brilliant sunshine."

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—COLUMBUS

DISCOVERED ANTICIPATED. Interesting relics of the early discovery of America occasionally turn up. At a late meeting of the Mexican Geographical Society, Mr. Bliss stated that some brass tablets had been lately discovered in the northern part of Brazil, and not far from the coast, which careful examination had shown were covered with Phœnician inscriptions, telling

of the discovery of America five centuries before Christ. The tablets had been acquired by the museum of Rio Janeiro, with whose director he was personally acquainted, and the connection of this gentleman with the discovery of the tablets was in itself a guarantee of the correctness of the report. The inscriptions, so far as yet deciphered, relate that, from a port on the Red Sea, a Sidonian fleet sailed, and following the east coast of Africa, doubled the Cape; thence following the African west coast, probably with the southern trade winds of the southern latitudes, until the north-east trades, preventing further progress northward, forced the crews of the vessel across the broad Atlantic. At any rate, according to Mr. Bliss, the tablets record the fact of the Phœnician fleet having reached the Americas five centuries before Christ, at some point now known as northern Brazil; that the tablets give the number of vessels, the number of the crews, the name of Sidon as their home, and, indeed, various very interesting particulars. Mr. Bliss has promised, when he acquires further particulars, to hand them to the Society. *Scientific American*, to be read and so forth.

SPEAK OUT.

I do not live in Grumbling street, yet I have something whereof to complain. I do think the glorious Gospel is worthy of being preached—not in an undertone, or in a whisper, or in mumbling accents, but—right out, so that all can hear. One eminent minister, who could speak out if he would, and whose words, fly chimes, fairly breathe with living thought, preaches the first half of his sermon to those who are near enough to hear, and the latter half to the whole congregation, including the choir in the gallery. Another speaks out well enough for the most part, but now and then he will come up to a word, or part of a sentence, which for some unaccountable reason, he will see fit to convey in a whisper to the lamp-posts of the pulpit and the altar railing. Very likely the parts, whispered out are the key-notes of whole sentences and paragraphs, which of course the congregation lose. Others, alas! how many—speak out at times as though they wanted the very streets to hear, then lower their voices as though they expected the front pews to catch not even so much as a word. One moment they are up to the top of the gamut; next they are down in the neighborhood of D flat; now your ears are stunned and your nerves jarred by an outburst of noise; and now your senses are strained in the effort to hear an articulate sound.

This is mangling and micing the gospel message. I have seen hundreds of people quietly sitting together with upturned faces, eagerly waiting for the word of life, and getting it only by piecemeal. It's enough to make one feel as though he would like to ascend the pulpit himself, and at least talk to the people! O for less mannerism, and sing-song, and stage whispering, and more earnest, natural, sympathetic talk, that reaches every ear and every heart! Correspondent of the *Methodist Home Journal*, writes in tone not at all unusual.

THE BIBLE A UNIVERSAL BOOK.

The following paragraph is out from the *Bible Society Record* of 1878:—"The severest test to which a book can be subjected is that of translation into other languages than the one in which it was written. The Koran is not much of a book in any language but the Arabic; even Shakespeare is no longer Shakespeare in French. The Bible is mostly Semitic and provincial; and yet in every language its voice is clear, ringing, and majestic. It is the only book that has ever made the circuit of the globe, holding its own in every important language or dialect of man."

"FAITH OF ABRAHAM AND OF CHRIST."

This work of the Rev. Henry Dana Ward, M. A., ought to be much more extensively circulated than it is. We think it best. To encourage its publication the A. M. Association agreed to take two hundred copies. None of them ought to be allowed to remain long on our hands. It will aid us, encourage the author, and benefit the purchaser to have them sold.

We send the book by mail, post-paid, for \$1.75.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

All communications, orders and remittances for the *ADVENT HERALD*, should be addressed to J. M. ORRICK, 40 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

The figures printed opposite the name of the subscriber on the paper or wrapper indicate the time to which he has paid; thus "July '78," means that the subscription is paid to the first of July, 1878, and at the rate of \$2.00 a year a subscriber can thus tell at any time how his account stands. The letter "P" indicates that the paper is sent free.

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BOOKS, TRACTS, & C. SENT

During the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 17, to those who order by mail:

By mail.—Mrs. Henry Wilbur, John Pearce (we send the best assortment we have); H. F. Hill; Rev. G. W. Ellis; Henry Mellus.

DONATIONS.

TO THE A. M. ASSOCIATION, 3.00 Elder C. Cunningham 3.00 W. L. Hopkinson 5.00 John Tucker 1.00 Rev. H. F. Hill 1.00 Henry K. Boyer 2.00

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. PEARCE.—We shall probably be able to announce something definite about "the shares" before long. W. H. SMITH.—The money was received, and your name duly entered on our list. Don't see where the trouble is.

The Family Circle.

NOT ALONE.
I cannot be alone;
Where'er I go I find
Around my steps the presence thrown,
Of the Eternal Mind.
He lives in all my thoughts;
His home is in my heart;
There is no loneliness for me;
I never live apart.
—Prof. Upham.

CLOSET-WORK—THE WORK.

“When thou prayest enter into thy closet.”—Matt. 6: 6.

“O blest retreat!” to I flee
From earth-born care and strife;
To hold sweet fellowship with thee,
My God, my light, and life!

“What think you, dear Uncle, of secret prayer or prayer when we are alone—shut up by ourselves, when nobody sees us but God?”

It is wonderful, a wonder of wonders, and it doth wonders, things marvellous! It soars above the sky, mounts to the third heaven. It kills and makes alive, unbars prison doors, stops the mouths of lions, quenches the violence of fire, turns lions into lambs. Esau was a lion, his heart was full of vengeance, blood, and murder, when coming with four hundred men to destroy root and branch the family of Jacob his brother. His heart, of hatred, melted, into love, the tenderness, while Jacob was wrestling with the Angel in secret, saying: “I will not let thee go except thou bless me.” Turn to Gen. 32d chapter and see.

The prayers of Abraham would have saved Sodom, had there been ten righteous in that wicked city. The face of Moses shone glisteningly, when he came down from the Mount after talking with God forty days, so that he put a veil on it; his face shone so brightly and heavenly the children of Israel were afraid to come nigh him. Blessed man! Exod. 34: 29-35.

“Does talking with God a good deal make faces shine, Uncle?”

Beautifully! the faces of both little folks and big, nothing like it. And the more frequently we talk with God, hold sweet and heavenly interviews with him in secret, the brighter and more beautiful will our faces shine.

Again, who caused the sun and moon to stand still so that they “hasted not to go down about a whole day” in answer to secret prayer? Josh. 10: 12-14.

How did King Hezekiah stay the army of the blasphemous Sennacherib, an hundred thousand and five thousand in one night. Was it by fire-arms, booming cannon, sword or spear? Look and see, dear Mary. 2 Kings 19: 15, 16.

“But don’t it say in the Bible, Uncle, that the angel of the Lord did the work, that he went out and smote in the camp this great army?”

Very true, dearest, but was not this terrible slaughter of the Assyrians in answer to the prayer of the good Hezekiah while he was alone with God? 2 Kings 19: 19.

“I see it now, Uncle, please proceed; excuse my interruption.”

Was not Elisha alone with God when he raised to life the dead Shunamite? “He shut the door, and prayed unto the Lord.”—2 Kings 4: 33.

Peep in the lion’s den; see Daniel sleeping, calmly, sweetly, peacefully amid the devouring, ferocious lions! How came he there? Who shut the lions’ mouths and kept them quiet, gentle as lambs, harmless as doves? Read if you please Dan. 6th.

“Was it because Daniel was good and prayed much in secret, that led God to send angels to shut the lions’ mouths, Uncle?”

Daniel was a holy man, and did his utmost to please God in everything: He had moreover stated seasons for closet duties, and adhered to them unflinchingly, lions or no lions. Three times a day, he knelt before God, prayed and gave thanks, came life or come death! Again, sweet heart, cast your eyes into that fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Whom seest thou? Three men in the midst of the fire, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God! Was an air of their heads singed, or even the smell of fire on them? Dan 3: 27. These men lived near to God, bowed not to images made of silver or gold, wood or stone. It was in secret with God that they obtained the martyr spirit. “Go thou and do likewise,” rings in the ear of every true follower of the Lamb slain. These are mere specks or shreds of things I could tell you if time permitted of what closet-work will do.

“Don’t most all good folks, both little and big, talk a good deal with God in secret, Uncle?”

None are exempt, child—they can’t be who shine as lights. The closet is the secret of secrets, the philosopher’s stone, that turns everything into gold.

Elliot, the missionary to the Indians, set apart whole days for the closet. Sir Matthew Hale, the upright judge of England, remarked, that nothing went well with him during the day, if he omitted his regular and stated seasons of reading God’s word, prayer and praise in the morning. Doddridge while a student made the most rapid advances in his studies, while on his knees before God in his closet.

“I’ve heard of a man named Xavier, Uncle, who had great power with God upon this closet-work?”

This wonderful man spent whole hours in secret devotion, with the Word of God before him. When he came forth his face shone like an angel’s. This closet-business was the secret of Tennent’s wonderful success in gospel ministration.

“The oftener we visit the closet, for grace, and to make our wants known to the Lord, the better we shall like it, shan’t we, Uncle?”

Soon it will be delightful, joyful, soul-cheering, life-giving, our meat and our drink, heaven’s gate to glory. We never take so firm hold of God as in secret. What a privilege to be alone with God, who hears prayer, and who loves to hear it, waits to be gracious! No wonder our Saviour said: “Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret.”

“O enter thou thy closet then, and shut on thee thy door; Exclude the world and welcome Christ, The guest for evermore.”

“Was it for our imitation or example that Jesus retired so often into secret places to pray, or was it because he delighted in talking with his heavenly Father, Uncle?”

Both, dearest, Christ is our great Exemplar in all things, and it was his soul’s delight to commune with his Father in heaven, as it should be ours. He spent whole nights in secret devotion. At other times he rose up “a great while before day and went out into a solitary place and there prayed.”

“Are there not very many folks, little and big, Uncle, that have no closet or place of retirement, to talk with God, read the Bible, meditate and pray?”

By the closet, dear Mary, we understand some private place, so private indeed, that God alone may witness the solemn transaction between us and himself. It may be a retired room in a house, a barn, a stable, in a field, a forest, under the shady oak or sycamore tree, on the high mountains or any other place: Christ’s closet was a mountain, Isaac’s a field, Peter’s the house-top. God is not confined to places.

“My closet, this I need to seek— It is everywhere I find; Where e’er my Saviour’s footsteps lead I find it holy ground.”

“Don’t closet-work or talking with God a good deal, alone lead on or pave the way to other good and beautiful things in doors and out, Uncle?”

Nothing like it, child; sparks, heavenly, kindling in the soul at early dawning in reading God’s word and lifting holy hands to the hills whence cometh our help, when no eyes see us but God’s, are quite sure to rekindle and sparkle glowingly in the family, around the family altar, in the social circle, in the great congregation: Begin the day in prayer and we end it in praise.

“I’ve heard some one say, Uncle, that prayer and provender never hinder journeying but rather facilitate it.”

“The closet, dearest, is the Christian’s arsenal, a spiritual repository of arms whether for land or naval service. Here’s the place for equipments, for putting on the whole armor of God and burningish it. Eph. 6: 10, 19. No one old or young should step foot from this arsenal till fully equipped for the battle-field.”

“Restraining prayer, we cease to fight.”

“Can children, or little girls like me, Uncle, put on the heavenly armor and burnish it brightly as the big folks can?”

What hindlers? Is not grace afforded as freely and plentifully for the least of the little ones as for the biggest of the big? No crowns of righteousness, bright and sparkling in store for little girls, like my sweet niece Mary Newton, who let their light shine all the day, and keep their garments white and unspotted from the world? 1 Peter 1: 12.

“Is there any limitation, as to time, for this holding sweet converse with our heavenly Father in secret, Uncle?”

There can’t be, dearest. The whole thing depends on opportunities and circumstances. The more we have to do with things temporal or spiritual, the more frequently, urgently and perseveringly should these holy fires be kept burning and blazing.

“Satan trembles when he meets the weakest saint upon his knees.”

Martin Luther said: “The more he had to do, the more frequently and fervently he prayed.” Once he remarked, “I’ve so much to do to-day that I shall have to pray three hours.” Whitfield was on his face in his closet, whole days, wrestling in prayer for grace to stem the tide of incoming iniquity. John Welsh of Scotland often leaped from his bed at midnight and wrapped a plaid about him and wrestled with the Lord, till break of day; and when he entered the pulpit, it was fire, fire, FIRE!—the sword of the Spirit quick and powerful.

“Where’er it entered in, ‘Twas sharper than a two-edged sword, To stay the man of sin.” —D. F. Newton.

“When thou prayest enter into thy closet.”—Matt. 6: 6.

“O blest retreat!” to I flee
From earth-born care and strife;
To hold sweet fellowship with thee,
My God, my light, and life!

“What think you, dear Uncle, of secret prayer or prayer when we are alone—shut up by ourselves, when nobody sees us but God?”

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STRAIGHT PATHS.

Were I to preach a sermon, this text would be most suggestive: “Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed.”—A straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, and a straight path is the shortest road between earth and Heaven. To draw a straight line between two given points, fix the eye on the farthest one, and firmly guide the hand to it. With the eye on the star of Bethlehem, as Christ walked the earth, living above it, so may we. If our attention is turned downward to note the effect of our pathway, to institute comparisons between our footsteps and those of our neighbors, we may be certain the path is crooked, however correct it may appear to us. The flowers of life that we may gather with impunity grow by the side of the straight path. Our loving Father has made the choicest flowers bloom where his dear children can pluck them without stepping aside. Some flowers seen at a distance may appear to rival those that grow in the Christian’s path, but if tempted to step aside to gather them, our hands are defiled with the poison they convey to the touch. The fruits of Eden were not fairer than those God has suffered to grow close by the path of the Christian toiler, and it may be plucked more easily while in the straight and narrow way.

Day by day, minute by minute, our footsteps indicate the line of our life path; aye, more, the path to be trodden by those that come after us. A Christian mother, earnest in the performance of many duties, now grieves over the conduct of her wayward child. “Why should my daughter thus sin, when all my life I have pointed out the right way?” Did you tread the path of purity when you familiarized her with sin by your daily conversation? You failed to clothe her with the garment of modesty, price less gift from mother to child. You read in your Bible, “a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,” but your conversation indicated riches to be your choice. You prized position more than purity. The brilliancy of the diamonds in the linen of the lover, were an offset to his enfeebled mind and body. The kisses he gave your child came from lips that blasphemed your Maker. Pray God then to pity and forgive her, whom his professed follower led into sin.

“My son stealing, disgracing the family, spurning the counsels of my daily life!” Is there no beam in the father’s eye? Your coffers have been filled by sharp bargains, and God knows your children’s sin is the legitimate fruit of your own.

With tearful eye a mother reads, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” In meditation she asks, have I not sought with prayerful effort to lead him aright, and still he goes astray? Have faith in God. A stunted, puny shrub was tended with utmost care, the soil enriched about the roots, watered when the clouds gave no rain, but for months apparently to no purpose. Wearied with watching and tending, I was about to give up the fruitless toil, when a tiny shoot showed returning vigor. Now it spreads its branches wide, and blesses with flowers and fragrance.

Thus oft is a sin-sick soul restored by a mother’s loving devotion and earnest prayers. Perhaps the mother has walked in the straight path these trying years, only through her forced nearness to God by the child’s disobedience. The pattern thus wrought will not be unobserved, and by the salvation of a soul may be secured. The best legacy from parent to child is the record of an upright path in life. A stranger, and without money, in San Francisco, was met by one of its wealthy and influential citizens most cordially. “Your father was very kind to me when a poor orphan boy, and most happy should I be to acknowledge the indebtedness,” said the noble man. In sickness and trials he proved his sincerity, and thus returned a kindness tendered by one long since gone to his reward. A beautiful, educated and noble young lady, day by day grew paler, and shrunk from the society which she was so well fitted to adorn and bless. Her father’s guilt was discussed in every household. She had loved him most fondly, was proud of his talents and influence; but the tempter left him debased, and crushed the heart of wife and child.

“There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.”—But the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—Central Baptist.

“Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?” (Ezek. 33: 11).

I next began to pour in the balm for a wounded spirit. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” (Isa. 55: 1).

“Come now, and let us reason together, the providence which still keeps them in the world.” For themselves it may be in order that patience may have her perfect work; for others, in order that their large experience may be useful to the young, and the good of the past brought down to the present and the future.

The world needs the children; and God takes them, and sets them in our midst, to keep beauty and sweetness ever before us. But we need old people as well. Conservative they generally are; and only enough so, to put on the brakes where they are needed. The old trees in a forest contribute much to the woodland view. We must have both May and January, to make the complete year.

Every old person is a sermon—a reminder and a warning of what we are all coming to. But when old age is crowned with piety, how rich and manifold are the lessons which it brings to us! The grace, the providence, the divine mercies which are represented by three-score and ten years are wonderful. If the limbs are feeble, there is the quiet testimony, and there is the abounding prayer. God may detain some of his aged children from their rest for many weary years, that the church and the world may have the benefit of their prayers. There are certain fruits of piety which are perhaps never exhibited, or at least never matured, until old age is reached.

Every period of life has its mission—youth, middle age, and old age too. Old age does not release from responsibility. It imposes duties peculiar to itself. To be useful in old age is the coveted blessing of the good, the promised privilege of the consecrated soul. David declares of those that be planted in the house of the Lord, “that they shall still bring forth fruit in old age.”

If it be given to us in declining years to be kept in the harness, and with unabated strength and undimmed eye to labor in the Master’s vineyard, so much the more to be thankful for. But if we be compelled to retirement and comparative inaction, let there be no repining; but a grateful view of the dignity and sweetness of giving these last years to Christ in the very way which he himself has appointed.

Let us consider the parity of the experience of old age;—how few know anything about it! its fruit is the scarcest and most precious of all. It is a distinction to become old. It is a special boon, when old age is reached gracefully, and when it is full of life’s mellow clusters. Fruit in old age is the privilege; but as to the manner of it, it is for God to say. In the shape of almost miraculously prolonged activity, it may be with some. Others are tied down by infirmities; some shut up as prisoners; then submission is the prominent grace—and the Spirit is the Comforter.—M. O. Advocate.

THE SPIRIT’S TEACHING.

The substance of the following encouraging facts was related by a lady, who, having tasted of the bread of heaven herself, and found it to be life to her soul, lost no opportunities of offering it in her dear Saviour’s name to every sinner who seemed perishing for want of it:—

Some time since we were called by providence to change our residence, and the day before our removal from A— I walked round the village to say farewell to all the poor people. In my walk I met a young woman, who, in a most agitated state of mind, addressed me in these words, “Oh, madam, I am quite a stranger here; but I know you care for the soul of a perishing sinner; my brother is even now dying. Alas! he knows not God; he never enters a place of worship; he is an infidel! We are living a short distance from this village; do, do, come and speak to him.”

Although I was much pressed for time, I could not resist such an appeal. I accompanied the girl to a miserable abode, and followed her to the bedside of the dying sinner. His sister listened for his breathing, she raised his hand, and it fell heavily at his side. “Alas!” said she, “it is too late, he is quite insensible; I am sorry, ma’am, I have troubled you to come.” “He still breathes,” I replied; “nothing is too hard for God; we will speak to him; the entrance of thy Word, O my God, give life. We will even at the eleventh hour use the Divine Word; and then we will pray the Eternal Spirit to seal it upon his heart.”

I then slowly repeated the following texts close to the ear of the poor man: “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” (Ezek. 18: 4). “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. 3: 23). “Sin is the transgression of the law.” (1 John 3: 4). “Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all” (Jas. 2: 10). “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked” (Jer. 17: 9). “Every imagination of the thoughts of man’s heart is only evil continually” (Gen. 6: 5). “The thought of foolishness is sin” (Prov. 24: 9). “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God” (John 3: 3). “Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?” (Ezek. 33: 11).

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Although I was much pressed for time, I could not resist such an appeal. I accompanied the girl to a miserable abode, and followed her to the bedside of the dying sinner. His sister listened for his breathing, she raised his hand, and it fell heavily at his side. “Alas!” said she, “it is too late, he is quite insensible; I am sorry, ma’am, I have troubled you to come.” “He still breathes,” I replied; “nothing is too hard for God; we will speak to him; the entrance of thy Word, O my God, give life. We will even at the eleventh hour use the Divine Word; and then we will pray the Eternal Spirit to seal it upon his heart.”

I then slowly repeated the following texts close to the ear of the poor man: “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” (Ezek. 18: 4). “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. 3: 23). “Sin is the transgression of the law.” (1 John 3: 4). “Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all” (Jas. 2: 10). “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked” (Jer. 17: 9). “Every imagination of the thoughts of man’s heart is only evil continually” (Gen. 6: 5). “The thought of foolishness is sin” (Prov. 24: 9). “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God” (John 3: 3). “Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?” (Ezek. 33: 11).

loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3: 16); for “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1: 7). “Look unto me, and be ye saved” (Isa. 45: 22). “Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need” (Heb. 10: 19; 4: 16); “for by grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God” (Eph. 2: 8). “If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?” (Luke 11: 13). “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you” (ver. 9).

I then knelt down with the young woman, and earnestly entreated that God would raise his own omnipotent word with his own life-giving Spirit. I soon took my leave of the poor girl, begging her to come to me immediately if her brother evinced (before the morrow) any symptoms of consciousness. No messenger was sent, and the next day we left the village.

In a few years, the poor girl’s sorrow and her dying brother’s awful state vanished from my remembrance; but our God has said, “My word shall not return unto me void” (Isa. 55: 11). About eight years after we had settled at H— I was one day sitting in my drawing-room, when my servant said a man wished to see me. He entered the room, and with much respect, and the deepest emotion, and with streaming eyes, exclaimed, “Oh, madam, how can I express my gratitude to you! I am the man whom you visited eight years since at — I could not move, I could not speak; but I heard every word you repeated from that blessed, blessed book! and it pleased the God whose name is love, to make his own truth a savor of life unto life to my dead soul. I have found Jesus to be indeed ‘the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, altogether lovely;’ and He has enabled me to hold on my way rejoicing. And I have now, after much difficulty, discovered your abode, that I might have the sweet privilege of telling you what your God has done for my soul.”

Reader, do you visit the sick and the dying, and those who are dead in trespasses and sins? and are you often discouraged by your small success in entreating them to flee from the wrath to come? Are you unable sometimes to find language in which to express your desire for their salvation? Take courage from this narrative; use not your own words; seek not to conquer with your own weapons; take only the sword of the Spirit, as this lady did; simply repeat the very words of God, and ask of God the Spirit to seal them upon the heart, and your labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.—Missing Link Magazine.

HOW TO BE ABLE TO DO GOOD.

A respectable woman, a stranger, called upon Mr. Toye at his house, requesting him to speak to her husband, who had come some time before to live in Belfast. She stated that he was the very best of husbands, but she feared that he would be led astray by his new companions. She wept much as she spoke of the little children, whom she had left that morning that she might get a minister to call upon her husband and influence him to connect himself with a place of worship.

Mr. Toye felt deeply moved by her account. He looked earnestly into her face, and said, “How is it with yourself? Is your soul safe?”

Her answer was, “No, indeed, sir; I am not saved, but I am anxious to be saved.”

“Well, now,” said Mr. Toye, “take my advice; get your own soul saved first, and you will be then far more likely to win your husband.” He then gave her a tract, that she might look over it, and invited her to a prayer meeting to be held that evening, desiring earnestly that a blessing might be granted to her when there.

She came to the meeting, and continued to attend, earnestly seeking an interest in Christ. She had a great struggle. Her sins of worldliness, temper, and neglect of the great salvation—her great unworthiness—all made her afraid to believe that the promise of life in Christ Jesus was hers the very moment she believed.

“Oh, sir,” said she, with many tears, “it is too much for one so unworthy.”

“Yes,” replied he; “but it is not too much for God to bestow. Tell me, now; is not this your feeling—that if you were a little more holy, you might come to Jesus?”

She told him that it was so.

“Now,” said he, “this is the stumbling-block upon which so many fall and perish. If salvation were to be obtained by human effort, there would be many to take it in that way; but when God gives it for nothing, gives it freely, it is rejected.” He directed her to Eph. 2: 8, and as he did so a new light burst upon her mind, the way of salvation became plain, her difficulties were removed, and at last she received salvation without money and without price. She was made happy in Him who is.

“Strong to deliver, and rich to redeem.” The weakest believer that rests upon Him.” She told her husband all. He was so

deeply impressed that he readily consented to accompany her the following evening to the prayer meeting. His heart, too, was melted, and he received the kingdom of God as a little child. They became helpers of each other’s joy; and lived to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—Life of Rev. T. Toye.

PRESUMPTION.

He who takes his boys to the beer-shop, and trusts that they will grow up sober, puts his coffee-pot on the fire and expects it to look bright as new tin. Men can not be in their senses when they brew with bad malt and look for good beer, or set a wicked example and reckon upon raising a reasonable family. You may hope and hope till your heart grows sick; but when you send your boy up the chimney, he’ll come down black for all your hoping. Teach a child to lie, and then hope that he will grow up honest; better put a wasp in a tar barrel and wait till he makes you honey. As to the next world, it is a great pity that men do not take a little more care when they talk of it. If a man dies drunk, somebody or other is sure to say, “I hope he is gone to heaven.” It is all very well to wish it, but to hope it is another thing. Men turn their faces to hell and hope to get to heaven; why don’t they walk in the horse-pond and hope to be dry? Hopes of heaven are solemn things, and should be tried by the word of God. A man might as well hope, as our Lord says, to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, as look for a happy hereafter at the end of a bad life. There is only one book to build hopes on, and that is not Peter, as the Pope says, neither is it sacraments, but in the merit of the Lord Jesus. There John Ploughman rests; and he is not afraid, for this is a firm footing, which neither life nor death can shake; but I must not turn preacher, so please remember that presumption is a ladder which will break the mounter’s neck, and don’t try it as you love your soul.—John Ploughman’s Tale.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones. A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. “Come John,” come, said the superintendent; “what are you going to do, with that old piece of calico?”

“Please, sir,” said John, “I am cutting it to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by.” And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother’s love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom; “to remember his mother by,” hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and in all places. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience.—Old School Presbyterian.

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WHOLE NO. 1690.

Selections.

THE ADVENT.

Long had the harp that Judah's minstrel swept,
And Israel's people long had mourned and wept,
Nor dared to breathe the notes their fathers sang;
Their glory had departed! and instead
Of princely robes, was sackcloth o'er them spread.
The Roman tyrant had usurped their land—
That promised land where erst their fathers dwelt,
Who never dreamed that stern oppressor's hand
Could e'er inflict the woes their children felt;
No more the songs of cheerful mirth go round,
The pipe and flute have hushed their joyous sound.
On Bethlehem's plains, as pious shepherds keep
Their faithful watch, and to their flocks attend,
In the calm night—all nature hushed in sleep—
They see an angel from the heavens descend!
Celestial glories burst upon their view,
The shepherds gaze with fear, and wonder too.
"Fear not," the angel cries, "behold I bring
Glad tidings of great joy, and news from heaven,
For unto you this day is born a King—
To you this day a Prince and Saviour's given.
Let the whole world with joy his reign proclaim,
God stoops to earth! Immanuel is his name!"
"A heavenly babe, in swaddling garments clad,
At David's city in a manger lies;
Haste thither to your Lord!" Nor more he said,
But upward flew the seraph to the skies,
When lo! the voices of an angel throng,
With harps attuned, thus pour their choral song:
"Glory to God most high, who condescends
To give his dear, his only Son from heaven;
The Lord of glory from his throne descends;
To rebels doomed to die, is pardon given.
Peace, peace on earth, good will and joy to men;
Forever sound Immanuel's praise—Amen!"
—Rev. A. C. Baldwin.

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

A distinguished minister of the established church of England is said, in his memoirs, to have expressed doubt whether St. Paul, if he were to revisit the earth and go to London, would be permitted to preach in St. Paul's church. And a greater than Rowland Hill says of a greater than St. Paul, "He came unto his own and his own received him not." There is something inexpressibly touching in this declaration and that kindred one, "There was no room for him in the inn." Here was the advent of One who had been the light and joy of heaven, and who came to be the light and joy of earth! Angels heralded his coming with joyous strains. The guiding star of God's appointment lingered over the favored spot that gave him his first home in this world. Should not all earth be jubilant, and men vie with each other in regard to the welcome that he has reason to expect? The Father, in the perfect consciousness of his claims upon men on behalf of Christ, had said, "They will reverence my Son!" But alas for the heart of fallen man! There was "no room" for this illustrious visitor! In Jerusalem, six miles distant, his advent is no sooner reported than an order is issued for the murder of every child in the region, under two years of age, for the single purpose of making sure work in taking the life of one innocent stranger in Bethlehem of Judea. In Bethlehem, he is excluded even from the ordinary refuge of the wayfarer, and crowded contemptuously by some, carelessly by others, and really by nearly all, among the animals of the basement stall. And so, throughout his earthly sojourn, he "had not where to lay his head." In death he was the victim of conspiracy, and after death he slept in a borrowed grave. Doubtless, if Jesus had come as the representative of earthly glory and glitter, as the patron of human follies, as an agent for whatever ministers to the interests and gratifies the tastes merely of this world, every door would have been open, every house and heart would have found "room for him." And this exclusion of Christ even from the traveler's home in Bethlehem, and the statement that there was no room for him there, do but reflect, to a large extent, his subsequent history on earth down to the present time. We have our Christmas days, and festivals, and songs, and gifts, and "merry bells;" but what, after all, have these things, to do with Christ, who gave to the day its name? Hearts and homes alike are, all the while, barred and bolted against him. They have room for everything else, but none for him. Look at the devotees of earthly honor and fame. How can they find room for Christ in hearts already occupied with what more than fills them? Can the "great bubble," safely give place to him? No, no; in the cabinets, and courts, and senates of this world, we generally look in vain for any room reserved for the welcome occupancy of the King of kings. Look at the devotees of earthly pleasure. Go to the palaces of thoughtless ease and luxury, and amid the dazzle of fashion and the din of pleasure's fascinations, you may search in vain for a spot where the Saviour could find room, to stand, and equally in vain for a person who would gladly invite or welcome him there. You may see blazing crosses of gold and pearl; you may see splendid pictures of an imaginary Christ, which are highly prized as specimens of art and representatives of fashion, but "no

room" for Him of whom the golden pictures, and Bibles bound in scarlet gold, are said to be memorials. Perchance in the "basement" or the "stable" some such temples of fashion you find Christ in the person of one of those obscure disciples, occupied with the business of the stall; but there is no room for him amid the glitter and frivolities of the temple. Neither pleasure nor pain can work miracles; and if their "guests" are pre-occupied with guests whom value more and love better than value and love the Redeemer, guests too, with whom they will not part, of admitting him, how can they find room for him?

And the marts of Mammon are crowded, with the temples of Fame and of Pleasure. Such an idol that of Christ never enters the thought of the busy throng who are in the useless and idolatrous pursuit of gold. And to say of any man, either in temple of fame, or fashion, or pleasure, or business, or any other department of social existence, or private life, that has no room in his heart or home for only Redeemer of the soul from sin and death, is to say a thing which, if can hardly be exceeded in its sad Room for other objects; ample room for earthly cares and occupations, for earthly friendships and guests, for earthly vanities and frivolities, but none for the Lord life and glory! There is room for him in heaven. He occupies there the throne. There will be room for him in earth in every heart that loves him, trusts him as a Saviour. And for those who find "no room" for him here, he will find no room hereafter. As he has been their guest in time, they will be his guests in eternity. They may be and say, "Open unto us," but the door will be "shut." There will be "no room" for them. —L. T. in the Tract Journal.

THE GREAT EVENT.

As at the creation, "all the sons of God shouted for joy," so after the God of four thousand years, when Jesus was born, they sang again. This new-born, sinless Saviour was "made of a woman as one of the human race." This was him the innocent infirmities of our nature, and the form and attributes of man. He was Divine, yet human, a divine person on earth, the visible the invisible God; the manifested "God manifest in the flesh!" Christ ever to be regarded in this light. He was not a mere man, though in the form of a man, but was the same divine being while tabernacled among us, that was while in heaven. "The glory which he had with the Father before the world was," though obscured in the human garb of humanity, was only obscured; it was not extinguished or lost. He was "laid by" for a purpose. He paid with it—O, wondrous grace!—that might receive it. He took our woe and our death, that we might take his and his life. How unparalleled a sacrifice this! Redeeming us from under the law puts us in the condition of God's children. Under the law, we stood in relation to God far different from that of sons; for we were his foes, his subjects, Satan's slaves; but now may be introduced into the glorious liberty of the children of God; be constituted members of a family, each of which is a Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. To a title so noble, to privileges so rare, to prospects so exalted, are penitents brought, through the incarnation and atonement of that Saviour, the announcement of whose birth was made strains of angelic music to the shepherds of Bethlehem. What an event of surpassing interest was this to us! "Here, too, we have opening of that grand design which was obscurely intimated when Adam sinned, and which was gradually unfolding, 4000 years; here we have the fulfillment of the prophecy to Adam, that 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;' here we have the fulfillment of the prophecy to Abraham, that in his seed all the nations of the earth shall be blessed; here we have the fulfillment of the prophecy to Malachi, that 'the Sun of righteousness should arise with healing in his wings; here we have the fulfillment of all prophecy; here we have the antitype of types, and the substance of shadows, and the consummation of the eternal counsels of the Lord; here the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy' all the rays of prophetic light being wreathed into a crown of glory for his head. Other occurrences there have been, but with importance to the human race, but when 'God sent his Son, made of a woman;' when the Ancient of days was cradled as an infant of days; when shepherds heard the story of his birth, and angels struck their golden harps thereat

Advent Herald

AMERICAN MILLENNIAL ASSOCIATION

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1873

was and than red. Each one testifies to the other.

If you take a silver dollar to the United States mint at Philadelphia, and compare it with the die in the mint, you see that they are alike. The eagle, the stars, the inscriptions that are on the die, are also stamped on the dollar. You say at once, "That dollar came from that die." So a child of God opens the Bible which the Spirit gave him as the rule of faith and daily duty. He reads, "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." He says to himself, "I have this faith; I know that I do abandon all other reliance, and trust my soul to Jesus only."

Repentance to sin is another essential; and he finds that he is daily striving against besetting sins. "My peace I give unto you," says the word. He has found this peace and enjoys it. "To you which believe, he is precious." By actual experience, this man has discovered that Jesus is near and dear to him. He knows that he loves his Saviour as truly as he knows that he loves his mother or his child. So he goes on, comparing his own experience with the divine Spirit's standard. He joyfully finds that there is a most encouraging agreement between the religion which the Spirit has written on the Bible page, and that which the Spirit has written on his own heart. Thus the Holy Spirit assures him that he is a child of God.

Now, this assurance is attainable by every one who goes the right way to get it. Every man, woman or child who simply trusts Jesus Christ, obeys the word of God, and strives to "walk in the Spirit," has the witness of the Spirit that he or she is a child of God. If a child, then an heir of glory. He is assured of heaven as the sun is to rise tomorrow morning. Salvation by Jesus Christ is not guess; it is conscious work, wrought by a divine hand. Reader, have you this witness of the Spirit?—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

THE CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is the centre of the whole gospel system. He is its light, its life, its soul, and its power. Everything in the gospel relates to him, his person, his work and mediation. Does the gospel make known to us the character of God? "The only begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father, he hath revealed him." It is in the face of Jesus that his real character is seen. It is in him, in his cross, that we learn the glory of his moral government. He is the *Eternal Word*—the grand expression of that eternal and glorious idea and reality; the *Immortal God*.

His obedience and death afford the brightest display of the divine character and the sublime harmony of the divine attributes. It is here that justice and Mercy meet together, and Righteousness and Peace embrace each other. It is here that Grace reigns through Righteousness unto eternal life. It is here that God is just and yet merciful, a Judge and yet a Saviour. It is here that the trembling penitent can approve of his justice and trust in his mercy; and it is here he can see how the Gospel gives glory to God in the highest, and yet proclaims peace on

Does the Gospel exhibit motives to practical obedience and religious activity? They are all in Jesus Christ. Here his love is "all in all." This was the grand impulse of primitive saints. "The love of Christ constraineth us." What stronger impulse ever urged mortals in a career of usefulness and glory? This inspired them with a moral heroism that never quailed, and conducted them to prouder achievements than armies or navies could ever boast of.

The truth is, that doctrine and those morals, where Christ is left out or but lightly regarded, are anything else but the gospel, and can never save the soul. Such doctrine abstractly considered may be true, but it is not the truth as it is in Jesus. For this reason all the laborious researches of the Greek and oriental philosophy; all the productions of the wisest and best men that the heathen world ever saw, were so many laborious evidences of the melancholy fact that "the world by wisdom knew not God." They might infer a God but not a Redeemer. There was another gospel without spirit and vitality.—Central Baptist.

TOUCHING ILLUSTRATION.

Somewhere in the writings of Joanna Baillie, there is a picture of a maiden whose lover had gone to the Holy Land and was reported to be slain. With steadfast hopes that he would again return, she kindled a beacon fire on the shore of the island where she dwelt, to guide the vessel which love imagined would restore him to her arms, and by that watch-fire she took her stand each night, looking out across the dusky Mediterranean with sad and tremulous expectation of him on whom her heart was set. It was meant only for poetry; but it may also be taken as a significant parable. That maiden is the church; that lover is Jesus; that Holy Land is the heavenly world; that report that he is dead is the teaching of unbelief and skeptical skepticism; that watch-fire is the flame of love and "blessed hope," fed by the midnight ministrations of waiting faithfulness. The scene beyond is the misty future. The darkness, the bleak rocks, and the rolling waters are nature's discouragements to a steadfast faith. And there, age after age, through all the night of her affliction, stands the noble maiden by her love-lit fire, bending forward to hail his coming who has pledged himself to make her his happy bride.

And she shall not be disappointed. That Bridgroom shall come. He has promised to come. The Holy Ghost, in the hearts of Prophets and Apostles, has signified that He will come. There is nothing that can prevent Him from coming. Everything demands that He should come. And one of these nights, while the world is wrapped in slumber, and men are laughing at the maiden watching on the shore, a form shall rise over the surging waves, as once on Galilee, and bring to her loving heart a thrill of joy which shall more than repay for all her long watching and anxieties.

SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES CLEARED UP.

Sir JOHN HENSCHEL says that "the surest and best characteristic of a well-founded and extensive induction is when verifications of it spring up, as it were, spontaneously into notice, from quarters where they might be least expected, or even among instances of that very kind which were at first considered hostile to them. Evidence of this kind is irresistible, and compels assent with a weight which scarcely any other possesses." I do not in the least desire to under-rate the existing difficulties of Biblical criticism, but I think, in relation to the veracity of the Bible narrative, there are some cases at least which are of a kind analogous to what Herschel here speaks of. I mean where apparent difficulties of a formidable kind have on further examination been found actually to yield confirmation to the veracity of the Scriptures. Daniel relates that King Belshazzar was slain in the city of Babylon when the city was taken by the Persians. Profane historians say that the capture of Babylon took place in the reign of a Babylonian king called Nabonnedus, or Labynetius, and that this king was absent from the city at the time of its fall. Moreover, instead of being slain, he was made prisoner, and kindly treated. The discrepancy appeared for many years extremely formidable. But we now find that in an inscription, discovered only about twenty years ago, Nabonnedus, the last native king of Babylon, is introduced as stating that his eldest son bore the name of Belshazzar, and he speaks of him in a way which suggests that he had associated him with himself in the government. Hence there is no difficulty in supposing that while Nabonnedus was

FAITH AND PRACTICE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr contributes the following article to the *Christian at Work*. It is of value not only for its unfolding of the simplicity, self-denial and affection of the primitive Christians, but as a testimony to the attitude which they occupied with regard to the coming again of our

Redeemer and the effect of their faith upon them.

The first Christians were the first Puritans, for by circumstances and by faith they were equally bound to great strictness of behavior. Surrounded by an hostile pagan element eager to detect the least departure from the purity of morals inculcated by their teachers, it became the manifest duty of all to give "none occasion of offence." Then again every public amusement was heathen in character—so intimately connected with religious rites, so constantly recognizing of heathen gods that it was impossible for a Christian to frequent the theatres, shows, and games, without an implied

traitorship to Christ. Indeed, it was commonly observed by the early Christians, that when one of their number visited the theatre, he speedily relapsed into idolatry.

Again, these amusements were often cruel, and inhuman in character. How could a Christian sit and see men butchered to make a Roman holiday?—men for whom Christ died. Christianity taught them to be merciful and sympathetic, therefore the arena never could have been willingly visited by them.

Besides, the immediate coming of Christ to judge the world, was an event daily looked for by the first disciples; and men and women waiting for a coming God were naturally a serious people; a people to whom the tumult and hurry, the noise and uproar of public festivities were repugnant. Then, as I have before said, "these Christians loved one another," and many of their number were in chains and in prison; others condemned to martyrdom; it was their manifest duty as well as their inclination "to weep with those that wept."

Yet it was no slight struggle for a Greek or Roman to abandon the games, circus, theatre and arena. These things were a part, and a great part, of his very existence, mingling in every duty and pleasure of his former life. To relinquish them was an act of self-denial that has no adequate parallel in our experience.

But here, no half measures were tolerated; abundance of proof to this effect is within easy reach, but one circumstance will suffice.

A player having professed Christianity, wished to give up the stage, and teach boys the art of acting. His case was referred to Cyprian to decide whether on these terms he could be admitted as a member. "No, no!" replied the noble old bishop of Carthage. "If such an one pretend poverty, let him be relieved, yet not in such measure as shall look like the buying him off from a sinful occupation. If the church where he is too poor to help him, let him come to Carthage and be sure he shall be put in the way of getting an honest living."

We are apt to think that the love of dress is the peculiar sin of our generation, but our extravagance in this matter does not touch the garment-hem of these old centuries. Clement of Alexandria, says with indignation, that the women of that city paid ten thousand talents for a single dress while a female slave cost only 1000 drachms; and Cyprian reproves in no gentle terms the Carthaginian ladies for the same excess. No point of conduct was more insisted on by the early fathers than modesty and sobriety in dress. Paul had spoken explicitly enough on this subject, and there is every reason to believe that plainness of apparel was almost (as with the Friends and the Puritans) an article of faith.

The wearing of flowers, so dear to all heathen, was strictly forbidden to the Christians, for all of them were consecrated to heathen deities. If these things had been only ceremonies they would meet little approval, but they were outward and visible signs of a constant life of self-denial. None were admitted to baptism who could not renounce even his trade or profession, supposing it served or honored in any way false deities. To make pictures or statues of the gods, to sell them, or to sell incense or anything to be used in heathen temples, to teach rhetoric which drew its illustrations from heathen poets, were all forbidden occupations. Yet there was not wanting a reasonable moderation, for Tertullian allows Christians to attend the bridal rites of relatives even if sacrifices were offered; and servants were not forbidden to wait on their masters to heathen temples. For the latter dispensation there is, indeed, a sufficient warrant in the case of Naaman the Syrian.

Nothing is more remarkable in the history of Christianity than its wonderful elevating power as regards woman. From the first it begins to teach and to preach all "equal, male and female, bond and free." "Woman," says Clement of Alexandria, "is as capable of arriving at perfection as man." A brave admission in days when woman generally had small acknowledgment. The ceremony of marriage was exceedingly simple and beautiful. It was regarded as a solemn religious rite, and the contracting parties took the holy communion first. Then after the joining of hands by the pastor, both bride and bridegroom offered an oblation to the church, and received from all the kiss of peace. Christians of the second and third centuries were strongly opposed to second marriages, and celibacy though not enjoined was highly honored. That the ascetic spirit soon, too soon, leavened

the faith, is alas! true, and that faults might easily be found is equally so, but we can be in little danger of over-estimating the quiet and retiring virtues, the peaceful manners, and moral beauty of the lives of the first disciples.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

"I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel; my reins also instruct me in the night seasons."—Psa. 16: 7.

A few nights ago we were in Dream-land. We had been taking a walk in a field, and in the early twilight of evening were returning to the house where we lodged. On passing near where two men had been at work we heard one of them (whom we recognized as a minister of our acquaintance) remark: "This world is not fit to be our home, but *good enough—better than we could expect—as a stopping-place on our way there.*"

The lesson thus taught is an important one to learn. Our home-land is in "the world to come," and as Christians we are but "strangers and sojourners" here. Our "stopping-place" is indeed so much better than we deserve or have reason to expect, that instead of murmuring at present difficulties and trials, we ought to rejoice and be glad that it is so well with us as it is.

"What are the shadows around us still floating? Sunshine is glowing all brightly above; Heed not the height of the cliffs we are climbing; From them we gaze on the land that we love."

FINANCIAL MISSION REPORT.

The minutes furnished by Elder G. W. Burnham make up the following financial report of the mission in which he is engaged:

EXPENSES FROM OCT. 8 TO DEC. 9.
Travelling expenses, \$25 15
Rent of hall in Philadelphia, 61 40
Advertising in papers, 9 20
Sign in frame, at Hall, 1 65
Printing circulars (6000), 24 00
Postage and expressage on books, 1 01
Nine weeks' salary, 125 00
Total, \$247 81

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 8 TO DEC. 9.
Collections at Chelsea, Mass., 10 00
in Philadelphia, Pa., 38 75
Weekly subscription, 23 50
Donations, 41 50
in Providence, R. I., 11 00
A friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1 50
Collection in Newburyport, Mass., 15 00
Rec'd from church in " " Dec 9/10 10 00
Total, \$140 25

But due to the fact that the expenses since the commencement of the work, Aug. 9, 1873, are \$414 54, and the receipts directly paid to the missionary, \$233 50, at the Board meeting Oct. 17th (as reported in the Herald of Dec. 13th) are \$37 00, through the Herald office, \$8 50, the balance due Bro. Burnham Dec. 9th is \$135 48.

Our treasurer (Deacon Knowles) referring to the above account says:

"Dear Brethren:—Let your donations to meet this balance be sent to brother Orrock immediately so that the account as it stands before you may soon exhibit a better appearance, and your conscience go uncondemned as you read and enjoy your Herald from week to week. Remember that as drops make an ocean and sands a barrier to mighty waters so mites given calm the troubled conscience and lighten the cares and anxieties of the laborer sent forth into the vineyard of the Lord."

Since the Board meeting of Dec. 9th the following sums have been received at this office for the mission fund:

Henry Mellus, \$5 00
W. Busby, 25
A sister, 2 00
Simeon Palmer, 50
Henry Asselstine and wife, 2 00
"Bro. Oliver" of Philadelphia, 1 20
"One of the waiting ones," thro' Dea. Knowles, 50
John Maguire, 50
Henry Ashley, 50
Anna Pollard, 50
Bro. Simeon Palmer of Stonington, Ct., in forwarding his donation says:—"I think those who have the means ought to do all they can to help those who are doing all they can to bring the unconverted to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus and prepare them to meet the Lord at his coming. I wish one of the Adventist ministers would come here as he may be passing through this region. I would entertain any good, evangelical minister as long as he would stay and labor for Jesus."

Correspondence.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

Obituary.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

GROAT.

Dear Brother:—Allow me to tell sympathizing friends through the *Herald*, that our dear daughter, Sophia M. Groat, died of spinal fever, on the 3d of October last, aged thirty-eight years and six months. She was taken away amidst her usefulness, and leaves a kind husband and six children (the eldest 15 years of age, the youngest 3 months) to mourn and deeply feel her loss. But God knows best when to take his own; and by grace we bow in humble submission. Our Sophia became the subject of renewing grace while young, and shortly after her marriage to Joseph Groat, united with the Baptist church in Dorchester, Ontario, of which her husband was a member. She was married in 1837. They moved to Michigan in 1860, and united with a church of the same order. She loved her Saviour, and to think of his glorious appearing. I often lent her the *Herald*, which she delighted to read. When the summons came she was ready and willing to go. Her illness was short and painful. I trust her dear children will be remembered at the throne of grace by our brethren and sisters—especially that those of them who have arrived at the age of accountability, may find peace in believing on the Saviour and have a part in the first resurrection to join with their mother in songs of everlasting praises to God and the Lamb.

With this notice I send some verses composed by a minister of our acquaintance, which you will please publish.

CHESTER & EUNICE BILLINGS.
Speaker, Mich., Dec. 8.

RESIGNATION TO GOD'S VISITATION BY DEAF.

Lay her down silently,
Nest the green grass;
Like down of the morning her
Spirits doth pass;
Why shouldst thou mourn her with
Sob or with sigh;
Angels have shrouded her in
Glory on high.

Lay her down hopefully;
Earth's flowers die,
Ere the keen blasts of winter go
Bitterly by;
But she like those flowers, shall
Blossom anew.
When the Spring of eternity
Breaks on the view.

Lay her down trustingly;
Dear though she be,
Is she not dearer to Christ
Than to thee?
Though now from thy treasure
His wisdom may sever,
'Tis only to give her thee
Brighter than ever.

Lay her down fearlessly;
Darkness and gloom
May fold their deep wings over
Her and her tomb;
But the dawn of eternity
Scatters each cloud,
Gives garments of glory for
Fall and for shroud.

Lay her down thankfully;
Let her sleep on;
Learn to say cheerfully
"God's will be done!"
The scenes of futurity
Thou canst not know;
May he take her from
Guilt or from woe.

Lay her down prayerfully;
Not that she needs
Now the deep words with which
Man intercedes;
But pray that her exodus, though
Sad though it be,
May open a pathway
To glory for thee.

General Intelligence.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The Russian Government has issued orders to its various Asiatic Governors and commandants to take the most stringent measures against certain wandering Mollahs from Bokhara, who are stated to be preaching a holy war against the infidels along the whole frontier, from the Caspian across to the Chinese border.

PARACLYTIC is coming into sharp antagonism with the leading governments of Europe. Switzerland dismisses the Papal authority at defiance, sequesters monastic property, and establishes liberty of worship for all dissenters. Germany also resists papal pretensions, curtails the power of the priests, and the poor old Pope fairly wails over his loss of power, and the troubles which have befallen him in his old age.—*Baptist Union.*

Australia cannot at the present day be looked upon as a heathen land; as out of its population of 503,931 the members of the Church of England number 229,000; Presbyterians, 439,000; Methodists, 39,000; Congregationalists, 10,000; and Roman Catholics, 145,000, while heathens and all others combined number only 7,450. It is estimated that one-third of the population attend the churches. There are in the country 501 ministers of all denominations, 924 churches and chapels, accommodating 181,914 sitters, 933 Sunday schools, 6,049 teachers, and an average attendance of 178,596 scholars.

The total amount of church property in the United States, according to the last census, is \$354,483,581, which is a very low estimate. The Methodists hold the largest amount, about seventy millions, and they have over twenty-one thousand churches, or about one-third of all the church edifices in this country.

The Methodist Conference at its session in Portland, Me., last week, after a warm discussion, licensed Mrs. Mary D. Wellcome as a preacher. The discussion brought up the question of woman's rights, and several of the speakers took

LETTER FROM ELDER M'CLEAN.

Bro. Orrock:—We appreciate the *Herald* highly, and would like to do more to sustain it; but the subject is so prudently discussed is not one very favorably received by church members. My testimony for thirty years has been, *personal purity, and the second advent hope.* These two ideas comprehend as much as a poor mortal can well digest in his daily experience, and if he is faithful this world soon loses its glory in the bright realization of the coming kingdom and inheritance.

I was residing in New York when the Jewish missionary (Wolff) gave his lectures to crowded assemblies. I was exceedingly instructed in them, and without knowing anything of his views respecting the second advent I enclosed him a copy of *William Miller's Lectures*. I understood at the time he was designing to visit the North American Indians to see if he could discover anything that would trace them to the ten lost tribes of Israel. He very soon left our shores, sounding from ship-board as his adieu the glorious doctrine of the near advent. Bro. Henry D. Ward gave a course of lectures to the ministry about this time, and I think, had a personal interview with Wolff. I see that Bro. Ward's publication, "*Glad Tidings*," was published by the Appletons in 1838. Very truly yours, EDWARD A. M'CLEAN.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1873.

We find Dr. Wolff, in his *Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara* speaking in glowing terms of his visit to America in 1837-8. In New York he says he found himself "surrounded by a phalanx of friends of all religious denominations," and that he there "lectured in the Tabernacle on the personal reign of Christ and the restoration of the Jews." He also "preached at Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore repeatedly," and "on motion of John Quincy Adams received permission to give a lecture in the Congress Hall, in presence of all the members of Congress of both houses, the bishop of Virginia, and the clergy and citizens of Washington." (The same honor was conferred on him by the government of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.) In Washington he received tokens of kindness from President Van Buren, and "in his drawing-room gave a short lecture before several members of Congress." In relation to the question whether the Indians sprang from the Ten Tribes of the Dispersion, or not, he says: "Many of their customs, beside words in their language, and their physiognomy, rather seem to me to betray a Tartar race. Thus, for instance, they have the word *kelaun*, which is also used in the same sense at Bokhara. They have *nine* as a favorite number, which the Tartars (i.e. the Tartars, or natives of Tartary) also have. The Turkomans also play on a flute in a melancholy strain around the tent of their beloved mistresses, and the Indians adopt a similar fashion."—Ed.

WHO WILL HELP US?

Those who have been interested in and encouraged by the letters of Bro. Aldred in the *Herald* may also be interested in knowing that he is partly sustained by the Conference Missionary Society of Pennsylvania. The receipts have not been near sufficient to meet the demands, and we need one hundred dollars by January 1st to meet our agreement with Bro. Aldred. Who will help us? Here is an opportunity for those who have the mind and means to help in a good work. Money for this purpose can be sent to the treasurer, T. H. Prior, Trenton, N. J., or direct to Bro. J. A. Aldred, Moshannon, Centre Co., Penn.

D. ELWELL, Chr. Rec. Com.

LETTER FROM ELDER STOKELY.

Dear Bro. Orrock:—When at Hebron campmeeting in August last, I was engaged in soliciting subscriptions for a Messianic church in this town. I obtained a number of names on my list; some few paid in advance, and others promised to send what they pledged, as the money was needed in building. I commenced the work and proceeded so far as to secure a lot in a good location, engage our material, &c., when the financial panic came. On consulting with the friends of our cause it was thought best to suspend all operations for the present; but we purpose early in the spring to resume the work, should the financial state of things warrant it. Then we shall make an appeal through the *Herald* for further aid, giving due credit to all who have and all who may yet aid us in this noble work. (We shall then publish a full and particular account of our work—the location, population of the place, amount of help at home, etc.) We publish this now as some of our friends abroad may wish to know how we stand in reference to the church matter.

I will add, that though laboring under disadvantages—having no place of worship of our own in this borough—yet we are holding on our way, losing nothing, but, I think, gaining some; and are still looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Yours in hope, J. N. STOKELY.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 13, 1873.

NOTICE.

Bro. J. Buffum, a licensed preacher of the gospel (whose name is familiar to the readers of the *Herald* from his frequent communications to it) would be glad to answer any calls to preach the "present" as well as the past truth of the word of God. His address is North Wilmington, Mass.

the ground that a woman who has the talent to preach should not be hindered.—*Heath and Home.*

A Western Methodist has found eight leading members of the church in one place who spent for tobacco in a single year \$195, and gave \$33 to support the church.

One of the Japanese students at Ann Arbor, Mich., was baptized and received into the Methodist church, Sunday, Dec. 14th.

The new Catholic church at East Douglass, Mass., was opened for the first time on the 3d instant, in the evening, and the pastor invited the choir of the Congregational church to furnish the music, which they did.

In order to complete the building of the great Catholic Cathedral in New York, the churches in the city have been divided into six classes, which for the next three years are assessed to pay from fifty to fifteen hundred dollars annually toward the building fund, special spiritual advantages being insured to those who subscribe.

An English gentleman gave, the first year, eighty dollars to the Bible Society, and increased his contributions from year to year until he finally gave over twenty thousand dollars annually. When asked how his charities increased so largely, he replied, "The more I gave, the more I got."

A MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Cologne *Gazette*, says: "Iceland has in contemplation next year to celebrate the thousandth year since the settlement of the island—874. As early as 860 a Dane named Gardar was drifted from Scotland in stormy weather, northward to an unknown coast. He wintered in the country, and called it Gardarsholm. Shortly thereafter a Norwegian, Naddod was also drifted there. In 886 the island was visited by another Norwegian, Floke, who remained for a year there, and called it Island. Ingolf, driven into exile on account of enmities perpetrated by the Norwegian king Hagar Haarsager, proceeded in 874 with his foster-brother to Iceland, and there founded the earliest settlements. These were near the place where Reykjavik, the capital of the island, now stands. Others followed the two brothers, and the island was soon inhabited. From Iceland, Greenland, as is known, was discovered, and from it, hardy Norse seamen, about the year 1000, reached that part of the coast of the American continent now forming Massachusetts. It is, consequently, not without some historical justification that the celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, has been collecting subscriptions at concerts among his countrymen to erect a monument to the Norwegian, Lief Erikson, the first discoverer of America, as the latter touched American ground from 400 to five hundred years before Columbus, and there are indications that the Genoese was not only acquainted with the voyages of the old Norse sailors to America, but that they were not without influence on his plan and its execution."

ECCLIASTICAL SNOBBERY.

The claim of the exclusive validity of Episcopal orders is one which we have never been able to treat with any patience. The light of history makes it look absurd and common sense laughs at it. Think of what it amounts to. Picture My Lord Tozer standing up on the platform of Association Hall, turning to the venerable men about him, and addressing them in this wise: "You pretend to represent the Church of God; but what are you? You are not in the Apostolic succession. You are not ministers of Christ. You, Dr. Woolsey, you, Dr. Hopkins, you, Dr. Adams, you, Dr. Hall, you, President Anderson, you, Bishop Simpson, you, Dr. Conrad, all of you are interlopers. You climbed up some other way. You are thieves and robbers. You have no right to preach the Gospel; no right to administer the sacraments; the churches to which you belong are not churches, but mobs of disorderly believers; you are not gathering with Christ, you are scattering abroad. I adjure you to repent of your sin of schism and come into the only true Church. I, Tozer, am a bishop. I will ordain you. Receive the Holy Ghost at my hands, and then you, shall be worthy office-bearers in the Church of Christ!"

This is precisely what this dogma of apostolical succession comes to when it is boiled down. It signifies that the churches to which Edwards, and Payson, and Nettleton belonged were no churches; that those men who planted the standards of the cross on Plymouth Rock, and their descendants, who have filled New England and the whole Northwest with churches and schools, and all the signs of a Christian civilization, never had any lawful ministry nor any valid sacraments; that the Christian body which counts its adherents in this country by millions, and numbers among its illustrious names Judson, and Wayland, and Stowe, has no ecclesiastical rights or foundations; that the Church of Wesley and of Summerfield, that the Church which has preached the Gospel always where the backwoodsman's axe was ringing, and the frontier fires were blazing, amid hardships and perils untold, and which has done ten times more for the evangelization of this country than the Church with the "lord bishops" ever dreamed of doing, is nothing but an ecclesiastical usurpation; that the Church of Barnes, and Mason, and Alexander, with its learning, its devotion, its godly discipline, its grand army of staunch

fenders of the faith, has no justification for its existence; that these and all the other Protestant churches in this country, though in piety, in culture, in heroic enterprise for the spread of the Gospel they are certainly not behind that sect, must yet come to that sect and borrow leave to be; and that their ministers, no matter how learned or devoted they may be, nor what fruits of their labors they may have to show, are yet, no true ministers of Christ until the hands of My Lord Tozer or of some other Papist or Protestant prelate have been laid upon their heads!—*N. Y. Independent.*

NEWS ITEMS.

LONDON, Dec. 16. A dispatch from Sheffield says that the city was visited to-day by a terrible storm of wind. It blew a hurricane. A large number of buildings and chimneys were blown down, and many persons killed.

LONDON, Dec. 17.—1.30 A. M. The storm has abated. The telegraph wires were prostrated in all directions, but the lines that are now working bring news that the storm extended all over the north of England and far into Scotland. Sheffield looks as if it had been bombarded. The loss of property is immense. Churches were unroofed, and many factories compelled to suspend work. The lowest estimate places the casualties to persons in that city at 7 killed and 30 wounded, many fatally. Dispatches show that the effects of the hurricane were felt at Glasgow, Halifax, Drevsbury and Nottingham, in all of which cities lives were lost and great damage done.

LONDON, Dec. 17. The steamer *Celerity*, from Riga, bound for Stettin, is lost. Twenty-one persons were drowned.

An imperial ukase has been issued in Russia requiring six men out of every thousand inhabitants of Russia, including the Polish provinces, to be drafted into the army.

Four English female dentists practice in Cairo, Egypt.

London, England, has an immense foreign population. There are 60,000 Germans, 40,000 French, 20,000 Italians, 6,000 Asiatics and 7,000 Norwegians, Swedes and Dutch.

DEATH OF PROF. AGASSIZ.—Louis J. R. Agassiz, the great scientist, died at his residence in Cambridge, Mass., Sunday evening Dec. 13th, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Miscellaneous.

THE THREE WATERWORDS.

To wash, wait, to work;
Ah, me! the fever sin,
The level, treacher, barren, dry-drained fields—
I would the work was done!

To watch, to work, to wait;
Ah, me! the tedious rear
Of wreck-strewn oceans roofed with sombre clouds,
I would the watch was o'er!

To wait, to work, to watch;
Ah, me! thou absent Friend,
Comest Thou quickly? So Thou saidst; I would
The waiting had an end!

My soul, be still and strong;
Sight follows after faith,
In all advancement of the true and good,
He cometh as He saith.

My soul, be still and strong;
Here on thy Lord's estate
No place is useless, no experience vain;
Work on; Watch on; and Wait!

—*Leisure Hours.*

THE BIBLE IN RELATION TO WORSHIP.

The relation of the Bible to divine worship seems so fundamental as to preclude all possibility of a difference of opinion. It is a striking indication of the confidence of God in the work of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of men, that no specific directions are given in the word in relation to the forms or methods of divine worship. While we are told "not to forget the assembling of yourselves together," to "enter into thy closet" and to "pray always," no method or order is prescribed as authoritative and necessary; the promptings of the sanctified heart are left to cut channels for themselves. The examples of divine worship that are given are so partial and fragmentary that they do not constitute a precedent, and we are thrown back upon the suggestions of necessity and the dictates of common sense. That the frequency of services from which the Bible is altogether excluded, indicates a want of appreciation, if not actual irreverence for it, cannot be doubted.

The term worship stands with us not merely for the offering of homage to the Divine Being, but for the whole service of the sanctuary, whether it be instruction, comfort, warning, thanksgiving, praise or prayer; but practically most of these objects are lost sight of. Multitudes of our people do not worship in any sense of the word. They seek neither instruction, warning, nor reproof. They do not intelligently offer either thanksgiving, praise or prayer. Religious service has degenerated into the one purpose of seeking inspiration. They ask only to have induced a certain class of emotions; in short, by some means be made to feel good. They come to God's house in an uncomfortable frame of mind, no matter from what cause; it may be from the conviction of unfaithfulness, or the assaults of Satan, or the pressure of worldly care, or even dyspepsia, the result of carelessness in diet; but no matter what, they ask to have these murky clouds removed, their serenity of mind restored, and they sent home feeling good. They ask that religious service shall act as a sort of medicinal draught to remove the effects of dissipation and produce a pleasant exhilaration of feeling. It matters little whether that be produced by pulpit rhetoric or the Spirit of God,

so only it be produced. Now that exhilaration of feeling may undoubtedly be a good thing, "the joy of the Lord is our strength"; but the end for which that is sought, and the direction from which it is expected, often stamp it as an unmitigated evil. And yet are we not guilty of largely fostering that spirit by arranging our services for the purpose of producing this effect, and by a failure to make the Bible prominent in all the performances of divine worship! No public service should be held without its pages being read. Every legitimate demand of religious service can be best promoted by a faithful use of the sacred Word. If it be instruction, this is a revelation of God as well as from Him; if we would know Him or know His will, the Word will best instruct us; if it be thanksgiving, every phase of our experience can, here find fitting expression: if it be warning, no teacher will deal so faithfully with us as will this, holding up before us the character and consequences of sin with startling fidelity; if it be comfort, it is full of the grace and tenderness of a father's heart; if it be inspiration, the promises beam with a glory that transcends imagination, and ought to move a heart of stone. And even prayer may well be framed in words the Father himself hath given us.

Hence a failure to give prominence to God's word is to ignore the most efficient agent in promoting the end that should be sought in divine worship. It is through the truth we are to be sanctified, and in the Scriptures we are to find eternal life, and by the Word we are to be made clean, and in the promises we are to find consolation, and by the Gospel we are to be made wise unto salvation; and therefore it ought to be consulted whenever the people assemble for the purpose of worship.

Let us now consider the Bible in relation to the more private and social means of grace. A larger infusion of divine truth would correct some of the evils apparent in these services. It would elevate the tone of the exercise, relieve them of the barren aspect, if not positive vulgarity, to which they, often descend, and thus they would be more attractive to thoughtful and intelligent people. A candid, intelligent person (even if not religious) will appreciate the true spirit of prayer, however broken and lame the utterance; but a very little observation is sufficient to show that many of those who now come to the front have neither piety nor brains to fit them for leading the devotions of God's house. Their exercises misrepresent religion, and outrage good sense; they offend the taste and shock the sense of propriety of those who have any appreciation of sacred things. While they are not justified in so doing, many persons make this the excuse for standing aloof from these services, and we have to mourn the absence of many, who by their character and attainments are fitted to give dignity and interest to these seasons of devotion.

Now if some systematic method of making God's word a more prominent feature of these social services were adopted, it would at least tend to fill up the time to good advantage, which in many instances is now occupied unprofitably, and attract a class whose absence we now deplore. Would not a larger infusion of Bible truth into our prayer meetings tend to correct that diffuseness in prayer, that lack of concentration and point, which often find it difficult to avoid. If a few verses were read, and the central thought firmly grasped, and then made the burden of prayer, would we not be in the truest sense taught of God to pray, and thus be more likely to succeed? Our social services ought to have the intense interest of a family group gathered to listen to the father's will, and each one to receive the portion allotted to him.

There is in the minds of many a mythical, unreal character to Scripture truth, that has been fostered by our failure to recognize it in all our services, and also by the way in which it is recognized. The history and biography and geography of the Bible are not as real as those subjects contained elsewhere. Who thinks of Abraham as being as real as Washington, or the journey through the wilderness the settlement of Canaan as real as the voyage of the Mayflower? Who thinks of Palestine and the Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee, as being as real as New York State or Hudson river? And this air of unreality attaches to its statements of spiritual truth, and its offers of spiritual blessings. No little advantage would be gained if we could be brought to a state of mind in which we would simply hear God speaking to us in His word, and much might be done to produce that by constantly recognizing that word in the sanctuary, and showing an anxiety to let the people hear what God is saying to them.

It would also serve to arrest the evident tendency on the part of professed Christian people to exalt experience above the Scriptures. Too much cannot be said in favor of a strong and positive religious experience, but in this case it can never be a standard of faith or attainment for others. To the individual this experience may be the strongest confirmation of certain truths, but beyond that it is of no authority. It may be safely used to illustrate Bible statements. Laying down the doctrine first in Scripture terms, and then illustrating it by personal experience—this is legitimate and right. But the tendency is to invert this order. Not always consciously or purposely, and yet it is evident that many are going to what they regard as experience for the matter and manner of salvation, and then to the Bible for confirmation of the views already formed. The result is, imagination is often taken for experience, and some misconstrued

passage of Scripture as an argument that must silence all objections. This needs to be corrected. Experience may be brought forward as a witness, examined and cross-examined; its testimony may go to the court for what it is worth; but with the truth alone rests the power of decision; the truth is the court of last resort; its decisions are final. Nothing then is more necessary than to keep the truth before the minds of the people. Let it be read not only in the Sabbath service, but in the prayer meeting and class meeting. Let the people be encouraged to express their experience in the words it furnishes. Thus the reality of its promises will be more and more a settled conviction, while experience would be tried by its teachings, and thus be more likely to conform to the only proper standard.—*The Methodist.*

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

In the old Catholic countries the festival of Christmas is more generally observed as a religious day than among us. Here it is almost exclusively a holiday, on which we exchange happy greetings and tokens of good will, friendship and love. There is less praying, less drinking into the spirit of the Babe of Bethlehem. Consequently, also, our poetry is less rich in worshipful and prayerful sentiments for that day. A translation of a Danish song for Christmas by Charles P. Krauth, concludes with this appropriate prayer:

Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep thine own Christmas in our breast!
Then David's lambs singings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

MAMMON.

Not many weeks ago, a gentleman lost, in one night, the savings of a third of a century. His daily study was to keep from spending. He lived on coarse food, dressed with scrupulous plainness, never travelled, and expended in benevolence not over one dollar per annum. He had nearly completed the allotted years of man, had no relatives who needed his help, and could, if he had so determined, put the whole or the large part of his fortune to a use which would have given him daily satisfaction, and made a multitude of his fellow-creatures better and happier. But, though his name was on the Church books, and though he wished to be regarded as a Christian, who had left all to follow Christ, he was a slave of mammon—a miserable idolater. But suddenly he felt that God was a sovereign. His splendid fortune disappeared in a night, and he woke up to find himself on a level with some of his neighbors, without a cent. This is no fancy sketch. It is a fact, and as such only illustrates the inspired lessons which have been given of the government of our lives. There are thousands of just such idolaters in our Churches. They are heaping up riches to be hoarded up in turn, or squandered in dissipation, by thankless children. Said a very wealthy professor to a pastor, a few months ago: "I am thinking what disposition I shall make of my wealth. I have more than enough for my children—indeed, I fear that the prospect of fine fortunes is already exerting an unhappy influence on them." Alas! we fear that this good brother will think too long. It is a crime to deliberate when the time for action has come. How a good man with a fortune can long be at a loss as to what disposition he should make of a large part of God's gift to him, is beyond our comprehension. If there ever was a time when money invested in pure religious beneficence would return to the benefactor a thousand-fold, that time is now. Men of God, let the unenlightened children of this world waste their lives in the service of mammon, but let us who seek a country, place our treasures in the Lord's hands.—*Central Baptist.*

JESUS! JESUS!

The story of four long spikes—two for the hands, and two for the feet—is ended. Even the hammer has been lost, and the antiquarian cannot find it. Wipe off the tears from the cheek, and drop the dirge out of the song and come to the coronation!

The grave of Christ is like the old jewel casket of some lordly house from which the jewels have been taken. One slight tilt now on a family vault is all that is necessary to keep the door of the dead shut, but the rock of a ton's weight is not sufficient to keep shut our Saviour's tomb.

W. think! the greatest day in all the ages of heaven was the one in which Jesus went back. When NAPOLEON set foot in France after his return from banishment, many thousands flocked to his standard; but when CHRIST went up from the St. Helena of earthly exile and pain, all heaven turned out to greet him.

Our great cities arose to welcome ALEXIS, not because of any wonderful achievement on his part, but simply because he was the son of a king. Our Jesus went as not only a royal son, but the victor of a thousand battle-fields; and the streets of heaven were full, and the doors of all the palaces were thronged, and some cried "Welcome!" and some shouted "Hosanna!" and some clapped their hands, and they who had harps struck them, and they who had palms, waved them, and as he went up on the throne from which thirty years before he had descended, it was holiday in heaven!

There he sits; that high place—your Jesus and mine. Having had a share in his sorrows, we have a share in his triumphs. At the whirling on of his joy let all the churches of earth and heaven wave their banners of victory. Yonder he sits exalted, 't pardon our sins!

At night-fall an army may be defeat-

ed, but during that night the troops rally, reinforcements come in, and at day-break the battle re-opens, and the lost ground is regained. On the Friday night of the crucifixion Jesus went down seemingly defeated. But, in the tent of his grave our Captain slept, getting ready for another battle; and when the morning of his resurrection broke, angels rode down the sky with swift despatch, and from the door of his tomb, as from the port-holes of an invincible squadron, a volley broke that sent Death and Hell reeling into the pit. Our sins, which in the dreadful night-fall seemed to be triumphant, are cut to pieces under the bombardment of the morning. Let the children tell it in the Sabbath school class, and ministers of Christ preach it in the great congregation, and organs sound it in the thunder of open diapason, and heaven roll it from gate to temple, and from temple to throne, that "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour!"

He sits in that high place to hush our troubles. We cannot tell him anything new about trouble. He has for us an all-curate salve mixed of three ingredients, the sweat of his brow, the tear of his eye, and the blood of his heart: and having suffered with him on earth we shall be glorified together.

Yonder he sits, the grave-breaker. Our Brother having escaped from the wreck of death will not leave us down in the white surf. Our Chief Butler having escaped from the prison of the tomb will not forget Joseph. He will see that the grave goes all to pieces. It shall be split at the top, to let in the light. It shall be split at the bottom, to let out our corruptions. It shall be split at the door, to let us come out. Highest slab or monument will not be a pebble large enough to jolt the chariot of our King. The pale horse unbridled, unsaddled, and riderless, will follow in the wake. It may be too soon to say it, but at the risk of making his assault upon our own soul more ferocious at the last, we will cry "Oh death! where is thy sting; Oh grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" Oh Jesus! live forever!

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and still adored,
His work it all the nations know,
Sure the whole world would love him too!

EXPECTATION IN GOD.

The less we expect from this world, the better for us. The less we expect from our fellowmen, whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. We are always going to something stronger, purer, and holier. Some have in the future there always hangs in the air a golden ideal of higher life that we are going to reach; but as we move on, the dream of better things moves on before us, also. It is like the child's running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow. When he gets on the hill-top the rainbow is as far off as ever. Thus does our day-dream of a higher Christian life keep floating away from us; and we are left to realize what frail, unreliable creatures we are when we rest on expectations of growth and of victory over evil in ourselves. "My soul, wait thou only upon God! My expectation is only from him." When we trust God, he never deceives us.

When we pray to him aright—that is, with perseverance, with submissiveness, and with a single eye to God's will—he answers us. He always returns the best answer possible. Our heavenly Father makes no mistakes in his dealings with supplicants. He is a sovereign, but not a despot. If it pleases him to keep us waiting for the trial of faith, then we must wait.

SOUL-SAVING.

It is said of the learned John Smith, "that he had resolved to lay aside other studies, and to travail in the salvation of men's souls, after whose good he most earnestly thirsted." Of Alleine, author of the "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls, and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching." Bunyan said: "In my preaching I could not be satisfied unless some proofs did appear in my work." "I would think it a greater happiness," said Matthew Henry, "to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver and gold to myself. If I do not gain souls I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction, and I would rather beg my bread from door to door, than undertake this great work." Doddridge writing to a friend, remarks, "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than anything besides. Methinks I could not only labor, but die for it with pleasure."

EXTRACT FROM ALEXANDER CAMPBELL'S WRITINGS.

COPIED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY MRS. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

The richest harvest ever gathered on this earth is a harvest of souls. Hence said Solomon, the greatest of kings and the wisest of men—"He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11:30).

There is a temporal salvation and an eternal salvation. There is a salvation of the body from physical and temporal ills and evils; and there is a salvation of the soul from spiritual and everlasting ills and evils.

The salvation of the soul, the "great salvation"—consummated through the interposition and sacrifices of the Lord Jesus, the Christed Saviour of a lost and ruined world—is the salvation of the gospel consummated by the incarnation

and the sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose divinity was the altar, and whose humanity was the offering, which takes away forever all our guilt.

It is a standing oracle of divine revelation, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9:22). This is at one stand-point, the cornerstone of the remedial institution. It is the philosophy, or the rationale, of the Altar, the Offering, and the Priest. These are the three evangelical indispensable of a remedial institution. They are so in the enlightened judgment of Protestant Christendom. And most certainly, there is no remission, no justification, no adoption, and consequently, no salvation, spiritual and everlasting, without the appreciation, acceptance, and enjoyment of the three cardinal graces or virtues of the evangelical institution. In the materials, we have the altar, the offering, and the priest; in the instruments, we have faith, hope and love, these three.—*Christian Standard.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No sir, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis. I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' of de gospel de fust year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No sir, goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I lef em!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

A QUESTION FOR GRAMMARIANS.

If baptize means to sprinkle or pour, how is it that water is never the subject nor object of the verb? In the baptismal narratives of the New Testament it is never said that water was baptized on a person, nor is it said, I baptize water on you. It is said, however, that "men and women were baptized," and also, I baptize you. A person can be the subject of the verb in the passive voice, and the object of the verb in the active voice.

Why? Because baptize means to immerse. Why is water never used as the subject or object of the verb? Because baptize never means sprinkle or pour. It is not worth while for any body longer to mystify this matter of baptism. To an unprejudiced grammarian the view now presented is as clear as the light of heaven. Who can fail to see it? Can you, reader? Then, alas for the power of prejudice in your case.—*Baptist Visitor.*

ALONE WITH GOD.

Christian life in our days is full of activity. It finds pleasure in planning, giving, and working for the advancement of Christ's cause. This spirit of consecration gives joy to all Christians who recognize it, and inspires confident hopes in the aggressive movements of the church. But it conceals also a great peril. All Christian power springs from communion with God, and from the dwelling of Divine grace. One can do good to others only as his heart pulsates with love to Jesus and has a present experience of his love. We can impart only what we receive. Any stream will run dry, unless fed from unfailing springs. Any Christian labor will be fruitless, and Christian zeal be like sounding brass, unless the soul waits daily on God and finds new strength in prayer and in study of the Bible.

THE RESURRECTION.

We are told that the resurrection takes place at death, that then the soul is resurrected, rises from the body, and there is no further resurrection than this. But if such be the case, then the resurrection has taken place in every past instance of mortality. How then could Christ have been "the first-born from the dead?" Col. 1:18; or how could he by his resurrection have "become the first-fruits of them that slept?" 1 Cor. 15:20. The time of the resurrection is at Christ's second coming, and not before.

A STRIKING FACT.

The following incident, illustrative of the value of tracts, brief, pointed, pungent tracts, I have from an authentic source. It stands associated in my mind with the practice of one of my own elders in Missouri, of folding a religious tract in every package of dry goods that he sent out. A farmer with his wife and daughter, a young lady, went to town to make some purchases. Returning homeward, the woman opened the package to examine her purchase, and a tract fell out. The farmer reached for the tract, and read it while the wife was examining the goods. The wife, seeing her husband deeply affected, inquired the cause; with-

out speaking he handed her the tract and conviction flashed upon her mind. The daughter, amazed to see both her parents weeping and unable to speak, received the tract at her mother's hand, and the whole three were convinced of their lost and undone condition by nature and led to put their trust in Christ for salvation.—*Presbyterian at Work.*

Business Department.

APPOINTMENTS.

I will preach, the Lord willing, in Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 28th.
J. M. ORRICK.

BOARD MEETING.

A meeting of the Board of the Millennial Missionary Society of Vermont and Canada will be held at Richmond, Vt., Friday, Dec. 26th. All the members are requested to be present.

J. LITCH, Pres.,
W. B. KINNEY, Sec.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.

A quarterly Conference of Messiah's Church (Evangelical Adventists) will be held at Black Creek, P. O., Canada, Saturday and Sunday Jan. 3 and 4, 1874. All are cordially invited to attend.
Z. W. CAMPFIELD, Pres.,
S. EBERSOLE, Sec'y.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. CLARISSA HODGES.—Please give us the name of your son-in-law.
S. A. BLANCHARD.—Do you now receive the paper at Holbrook, Mass.
G. C. BAKER.—Dr. Litch may be addressed at McIndoes Falls, Vt.

H. HARRIMAN.—See our note appended to the letter of Bro. L. Miller in the *Herald* of Dec. 10th. Personally we are not connected with any "secret society," and have the claims of none to defend.

H. H. COLLINS.—His name stands on our list as a minister there; we have stopped the paper, and you might get the back numbers and give them away, if you chose.

MRS. J. SUMMERS.—You are paid only to Jan. 1, 1873, according to our book, but for what you have sent we credit to Jan. 1, 1875.

WANTED.

Hundreds of new subscribers ought to be entered on our list within a few weeks, and we think it might be done if preachers and people took hold of the matter as they should. The best time to get subscribers is within the next two or three months, as many subscriptions expire with the year, and people will be looking about them to see what paper they had better take for a year to come. Will you not show your neighbors ours and present its claims kindly and fairly? Don't delay in the matter till it is too late, but begin at once.

"BILL'S SAINTS' INHERITANCE."

We have on hand nearly fifty copies of this valuable work. Every one of them should be sold immediately. Men and women ought to read them, and our office needs the money. They would make good holiday presents. Price, \$1.00, including postage. Send in your orders.

"FAITH OF ABRAHAM AND OF CHRIST."

This work of the Rev. Henry Dana Ward, M. A., ought to be much more extensively circulated than it is. We think it his best. To encourage its publication the A. M. Association agreed to take two hundred copies. None of them ought to be allowed to remain long on our hands. It will aid us, encourage the author, and benefit the purchaser to have them sold.
We send the book by mail, post-paid, for \$1.75.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

All communications, orders and remittances for the *ADVENT HERALD* should be addressed to J. M. ORRICK, 46 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

James Wilson 3.00; C. A. Alexander 2.00; W. Busby 1.25; "A sister" 2.00; Simon Palmer 3.50; Henry Asselsteyne 4.00; Mrs. H. Graves 2.00; H. Canfield; R. R. Knowles 1.70; D. W. Boss 1.00; W. C. Bogle; T. H. Sketcheley; Mrs. E. Darnett 2.00; W. H. Little 3.00; Mrs. C. H. White 2.00; Adaline Pomroy 2.00; Clarissa Hodges 5.00; O. Rockwell 16.00 (we appreciate your efforts and are very grateful); S. D. Northup 3.00; W. A. Fay 2.00; G. H. Swasey, Jr., 2.00; Mrs. C. W. 3.00; John Walker 2.00; Emory Chase; Wm. Robbins 2.00; Louis M. Car. 10; J. R. Mathewson 2.00; Lewis Ingalls 1.00; Hiram Harriman 5.00; Ezra Smith 4.00; Orin Davis 1.00; S. H. Withington 19.80; Ann M. Luce 2.00; John Maguire 7.00;

The Family Circle.

UNTIL US A CHILD IS BORN.

[From the German of Dr. A. Tholuck.]

Open thy portals, life, behold!
A King in this court would hold;
Ah! who shall tell his worth?
A King whose glories light
And gorgeous splendor, shrink from sight
The meekness of earth.

Oh, see,
How low the gate
Descends, and how
The heavenly choir before him bow!

As ready here he stands, all round
The heights of heaven with song resound,
And palms bestow his way;
But ah! how strange! as near the earth
Approaching, all this sacred mirth
Grows dim, and fades away—
And palms, and crowns of gold,
And thrones, behold,
All are gone,
A little child is found alone!

No splendor here adorns his brow;
Of glorious state we hear not how;
Poor swart his head supplies;
Oh, happy he who finds grace,
Beside this infant's resting place,
To ponder and be wise!

Oh, see,
How low
Within us, mild,
And like a child,
His work begins,
And heirs of heaven thus daily win!

Lays of the Holy Land.

THE NATIVITY.

The night of the nativity in Judea was much as other nights. The traveler found his lodging under the same roof or in the same cavern with his beast. The villagers, went to their slumbers as on any other night. The shepherds on the hillsides sat down to their watch, beguiling the long hours with stories of the olden time, or in prophesying of the increase of their flocks. The sheep nestled under the rock. The bleat of the full grown lamb broke out now and then on the evening air. The stars looked down serenely, and as sentinels of God, seemed to say, "all is as it ever was." A few leagues away Jerusalem was wrapped in slumber, her gates closed, her walls deserted, her great temple flinging its shadows upon the silent night as a sleepless testimony to God. The Roman soldier, symbol of universal power, hung his shield on the wall, as though there were no might in heaven or earth to question the dominion of the Eternal City.

But that night was not as other nights. In the caravanserai of Bethlehem are Joseph and Mary. For months they have been pondering the mystery that has been revealed to them—the announcement of the angel, the dream of Joseph—hiding in their hearts a story so strange and so divine, that no ear could believe it but their own. The end of promise and prophecy, the hope of Israel is centering in their waiting souls. The fullness of time is come. "And Mary brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Messiah is come, of the seed of David, the King of Israel, the King of kings! There is no worldly pomp. A humble virgin is his mother. A carpenter of Nazareth stands for his father, a shield to his mother's chastity till the child shall be glorified. There is no place as yet for his birth, no retinue moving here and there to welcome him, no costly robe to clothe him. They wrap him in swaddling clothes. They lay him in a manger. The babe, however, does not come unannounced. The secret is too great for two human souls alone. Away in the East the magi feel the unseen change, and go forth in search for the babe who shall sum up all wisdom. Though it be so still on earth, and most men slumber that night without a dream or sign, all heaven is astir. An angel speaks to the shepherds, out of a cloud of glory: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men."

There were priests, enough of them, in Jerusalem, scribes and counsellors, accredited functionaries of God, keepers of his word, men who could repeat the whole law, determine the most intricate questions pertaining to purification and sacrifice, men who knew no thought that did not center in religious forms, venerable tradition and prophecies, whose garments were badges of piety, whose appearance in the market place was an act of worship, whose very beds and tables were baptized. But they see no vision, dream no dream. There is not a whisper to them of the birth of Messiah. To ignorant and unversed men who tune their types upon the hills, gather the lambs in their arms, and take their simple fare from a bag, and drink from the running brook, whose life is unpoisoned by the atmosphere of cities, or man-made theology, who have simple faith in God, unperturbed and undimmed by vexed questions, such men only could behold it, or hear the angel's song. The things of God are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. Though the voices of

God be many and everywhere, it is not every man who can hear them. Many are blind and deaf, as though there were no vision, and no word articulated from heaven.—*The Interior.*

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST IN HEATHEN EXPECTATIONS.

The account given of the visit of the magi to Jerusalem to see the new-born King (Matt. 2: 1-12), is an indication that even in heathen consciousness the time had arrived for the occurrence of some signal event. The prophet had called the Messiah "the Desire of all nations," and in a dim, shadowy manner the expectation of the heathen (nations) were generally excited about the time of the Saviour's birth. The origin of this largely undefined hope we may not be able to trace. Some ascribe it to the influence of the Hebrew Scriptures, whether as translated and read by the learned, and their prophecies thus, with more modifications, incorporated with their own works, or as made known by the Jews scattered abroad. Others assume a common source whence tradition carried down to posterity an ancient promise, known to all, of the advent of the great King. And yet others, finding no satisfactory solution of the problem in either of these hypotheses, fall back upon direct inspiration. They would not accept the authors of the sacred books of the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, et al., as prophets of God; but God used them in their capacity as teachers of the people to foreshadow the advent of the coming Deliverer.

As intimated, the clearest evidence of a shadowy anticipation of the birth of the Messiah among heathens is found in the pilgrimage of the magi to Jerusalem. The form of their hope is not clearly given. They inquired, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Yet it was not simply a Jewish King that they came to see and worship. Hopes centered in him of an extraordinary, though perhaps not all of a spiritual character. Who were these magi, or wise men, what were they? They were from some country to the eastward from Jerusalem, as the passage above referred to indicates. The specific country from which they came is not known. Justin, Tertullian and many other ancient and modern divines have fixed on Arabia; Chrysostom, Theophrastus and others on Persia; while some have conjectured that they were from Parthia, from Bactria, and even from Ethiopia. If they belonged to the original magi, and the Evangelist seems to imply this by calling them magi, then they came from Persia or Mesopotamia. Among the people of these countries, and among the Medes the magi were a high sacerdotal caste, who constituted the king's privy council, and cultivated astrology, medicine, and occult natural science. From them came the magical arts, of which many professed to be masters among the Syrians, Arabians, Greeks and Romans in the time of Christ. But those who came to the manger where Jesus was cradled doubtless belonged to the earlier class, who were sincere and earnest in their researches.

In heathen antiquities we also find indications of a hope of the dawn of a period of restoration, and sometimes even of the birth of a personal redeemer. We must, however, guard against transferring our modern ideas of a redeemer, or of the Redeemer, to the expressions employed by the heathens. Even the Jews failed to apprehend the Messiah in his true character with the light of revelation to guide them. Among the nations of classical antiquity the Greeks and Romans were doubtless most conversant with the expectations of the Jews. Hence the writers occasionally refer to them, as for instance Suetonius, as well as Tacitus. Their own hopes of the future were also somewhat modified by these oracular prophecies of the Jewish seers. Hesiod looked for the return of better days, and accordingly sang:

Oh that I had not been born a companion of the fifth of men!
Oh that I had died before, or else had not been born so soon!

For the present race of men is one of iron! Zeus will also one day destroy this race of divine men.

The Sibylline books also indicated the existence of certain Messianic anticipations. These books contained the utterances of the Sibyls, the name given to certain prophetic women, who lived in Greece and Italy. The most celebrated of these was the Sibyl of Cumæ. To a prophecy of this Sibyl it is supposed Virgil refers when he states that even during the consulship of Pollio, in whose honor the ode is composed, the expected "boy" will be born and the golden age return. And Pollio's son, and even Pollio himself, in connection with other god-friended heroes, are described by him as occupying just the position which the pretended or forged Sibylline prophecy assigns to the Messiah and the chosen race.

The *Avesta*, or sacred books of the Persians, or descendants of the ancient Persians, strongly hint at "the end of the world, the coming of a new prophet, who helps to overcome *Angra-mainyus* and restores the happiness of the world, which has been destroyed." The Persians looked forward to a golden era, when there "will be neither night, nor cold nor hot winds, nor decay, nor fear of death;" and these hopes were associated with the appearance of one who is "endowed with

superhuman power and dignity." The Persian Saviour King, whom they expected, was called *Cashyad*, who, according to *Spiegel*, was "to bring to pass the resurrection, and then establish a dominion full of undisturbed prosperity." In the *Bundehesh* he is called *Sosiyah*, a name very similar to Joshua, a type of Jesus, who, it is said, will bring the dead to life.

Zoroaster, the legislator and reformer of the Persians, taught "that in the last days a man will appear . . . who will adorn the world with religion and righteousness." Some of these doctrines respecting the age in which *Oshanderberga*, as he calls this man (man of the word), will live and reign are very much like the prophecies of Isaiah concerning the prosperous reign of Messiah. Thus he says: "He will make true religion victorious; rest and peace will reign in his day, all contentions will cease, and all grievances disappear." Zoroaster even taught that this Saviour should be born of a virgin, that at his birth a bright star would appear by day, with the sign of the virgin in the center, and that on its appearance his disciples would arise to worship the child and bring him their presents.

In all these sayings, current among the heathens before the birth of Christ, we see a vague hope highly similar to the expectations of the Jews. Whether they were the result of Jewish influence or imbibed from the reading of Hebrew literature, we do not seek to determine; but that they point to the Messiah can hardly be doubted. Truly, as these hopes were so widely and tenderly cherished, we see in them a verification of the prophet's saying, that he whose birth we to-day celebrate was and is "the desire of all nations."—*Church Advocate.*

"NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER."

The name of Dr. John Owen stands in the front rank of British theologians. Though it is chiefly from his writings that the character of his religious experience can be gathered, yet a few special circumstances are known that possess deep interest. It was, we learn, while he was at the university, and during the latter years of his course there, that the Spirit of God began to work powerfully in his soul, exciting new thoughts and emotions, and bringing him to submit his life to the supreme control of religious principle, so as to ask, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Yet he continued to suffer for long years from perplexities and anxieties about his state with God, and at times the terrors of the Lord seemed to compass him about. "We have no means," writes one of his biographers, "of ascertaining with certainty what were the causes of these dreadful conflicts in Owen's mind; whether an overwhelming sense of the holiness and rectitude of God, or perverse speculations about the secret purposes of God, when he should have been reposing in His revealed truths, and all-embracing calls; or a self-righteous introversion of his thoughts upon himself, when he should have been standing in the full sunlight of the cross; or more mysterious depths of anguish than any of these;—but we are disposed to think that his noble treatise on the 'Forgiveness of Sin,' or 'Exposition on the 130th Psalm,' written many years afterwards, is to a great extent the unconscious transcript of the wanderings and perplexities of those years, and of his final deliverance. Containing some of the noblest passages he ever penned, it is as full of Christian experience as of rich theology—at once the record and the effect of what he had passed through.

"Few things in his life are more interesting than the means by which, when the full time came, the heavy burden was unloosed and fell from his shoulders. Dr. Edward Calamy was at that time minister in Aldermanbury Chapel, and attracted multitudes by his manly eloquence. Owen had gone one Sabbath morning to hear the celebrated preacher, and was much disappointed when he saw an unknown stranger from the country enter the pulpit. His companion suggested that they should leave the chapel, and hasten to the place of worship of another celebrated preacher; but Owen's strength was already exhausted, and he determined to remain. After a prayer of simple earnestness, the text was announced in these words of Matt. 8: 6: 'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' Immediately it arrested the thoughts of Owen as appropriate to his present state of mind, and he breathed an inward prayer that God would be pleased by that minister to speak to his condition. The prayer was heard; for the preacher stated and answered the very doubts that had long perplexed Owen's mind; and, by the time the discourse was ended, had succeeded in leading him forth into the sunshine of a settled peace. The most diligent means were used by Owen to discover the name of the preacher who had thus been to him 'as an angel of God'; but without success.

"There is a marked divine selection visible in the humble instrument that was thus employed to bring peace to Owen's mind. We trace in it the same wisdom that sent a humble Ananias to remove the scales from the eyes of Saul, and made the poor tent-maker and his wife the instructors of the eloquent Apollos. And can we doubt that when the fame of Owen's learning and intellectual power had spread far and wide, so that even

foreign divines are said to have studied our language in order that they might read his works, the recollection of the mode of his own spiritual deliverance would repress all self-dependence and elation—making him feel that the highest form of success in preaching was in no respect the monopoly of high intellectual gifts; but that in every instance it was, 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,' saith the Lord?"—*Thompson's "Life of Owen."*

PREACHING BY THE JOB.

"I can't put down anything," said Mr. Watson, pushing the paper back toward Mr. Williams. "I have been thinking the matter over for some time, and I have concluded to pay for preaching by the job."

"Pay for your preaching by the job?" Mr. Williams repeated after him. He was astounded.

"Yes, sir," replied Watson. "I get what I pay for then. And now we will drop this matter. At the end of the year I will square up."

"But," said Mr. Williams—

"Not another word," said Watson.

And Mr. Williams well knew that it was useless to argue the question, so he went away.

The two men attended the same church, Mr. Williams as a member, Mr. Watson as one of the most regular attendants and the most liberal supporter of preaching. Mr. Watson's refusal to subscribe anything for the next pastoral year was therefore very unexpected to Mr. Williams, and the idea of paying by the job was so new and strange to him, that he really thought him demented. He consulted with several members of the church and congregation, but they were all as sorely puzzled as he. Then he went to the pastor and related the whole story; but there he got no light.

"It is beyond my comprehension," said the pastor. "I can not account for it unless on the score of personal animosity. But, Bro. Williams, we will wait. Deduct from my salary the amount that Mr. Watson usually gives, and go on as usual."

So the matter was left. Mr. Watson was always in his pew, morning and evening, rain or shine, and for extra expenses of the church gave freely, but in relation to the pastor's salary he always replied: "I am paying for my preaching by the job."

The year passed as all other years had done, and during the whole time Mr. Watson gave no hint of his plan; but at a meeting of the finance committee, held just as the pastoral year closed, Mr. Watson related his account.

"Here it is, in due form," he said, presenting a paper to the chairman, Mr. Williams.

It is not strange that Mr. Williams was somewhat curious about that account, and if he took it up a little out of order to no detriment. As he looked it over, his eyes opened wider and wider, and presently his mouth opened too with a broad grin.

"I will read the account," said Mr. Williams, and I want to say beforehand that I, for one, accept it." He read:

John Watson in Account with Parson Hereford.

Jan. 4th.	One good sermon.	\$1.00
Jan. 11th.	One fair sermon.	75
Jan. 18th.	One miserable sermon that had no life in it, but made me regret to sleep, and did more harm than good.	1.00
Jan. 25th.	One evening sermon, fair but not instructive.	50
Jan. 26th.	One sermon read slowly and wonderfully uninteresting.	10
Jan. 27th.	One evening sermon, an old church ring, an off-hand effort worth a dozen of those spiritless affairs called written sermons, and John Watson will pay accordingly.	10.00

So the bill read all through. Some poor sermons that did nobody any good, some that were so terribly dull that they positively harmed; but many that were good. The account was balanced, and Mr. Watson had brought him in debt to the pastor more than he ever gave during any one year. He paid it like a man, and he breathed an inward prayer that God would be pleased by that minister to speak to his condition. The prayer was heard; for the preacher stated and answered the very doubts that had long perplexed Owen's mind; and, by the time the discourse was ended, had succeeded in leading him forth into the sunshine of a settled peace. The most diligent means were used by Owen to discover the name of the preacher who had thus been to him 'as an angel of God'; but without success.

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ness of their pastor's sermons, he always told them to try paying him, by the job, for just one year.

THE LONDON MUD-RAKER.

I was recently visiting a lady in one of the suburbs of London. She had been confined to her room for years; and having been so long in the furnace, she was, in my eyes, pure as the gold that is seven times tried. It was the nearest thing one can conceive to the idea of what heaven is, thus to talk, to read, and pray with one who, to look at, seemed scarcely in the body—so clear of eye, so wasted, and yet so bright and ethereal;—her very voice sounded as if it were already in harmony with the music of heaven.

I came out, full of heavenly thoughts, too soon, alas! Dispelled by the noise and bustle and business of the busy London street. It was a raw, chill day, early in spring. The winter was just newly over and gone, and the roads were very muddy. As I turned sharply round a corner, I encountered a man who, with a mud-rake, was scraping off the surface mud from the highway.

By the side of the public road was a row of middling-class houses, with little gardens in front; a low iron railing, and an iron gate to each house. A milkman had pulled the bell at the gate of one of the houses, and was waiting till the servant came down for the milk. It was this brief opportunity the mud-raker had embraced to speak a word in season to the milkman about his soul. Rake in hand he had stepped on to the footpath, and had uttered a few earnest, kindly words. I caught, as I passed, these closing sentences, "You will never repent it! He is a precious Master! Think about your soul! It is now that that of love; the look of it manner that of intense earnestness. I had passed on a few yards before the meaning of the scene had fairly impressed itself upon me. It was so unlike London. It was what one had never seen, and scarcely ever heard before. So I was past a few yards ere I fully comprehended the meaning of it all; then, when I looked behind me, the man was back to his rake in the middle of the road; and the milkman, was serving the maid with milk; which, having done, he turned, and with a nod to the earnest evangelist in the middle of the way, went on and pursued his avocation. I turned many a time to look back at this genuine preacher of the gospel. But he was as busy raking at the mud as though he knew nothing of all the world beside. And I went on my way rejoicing, blessing God, as I went; that He had living men to speak the truth in love to whoever the Lord should send in their way.

Reader, let us take heed, lest that London mud-raker stands, as a swift witness against us in the day of judgment. Do you, like this poor man, sow beside all waters? How many immortal fellow-creatures have you passed idly by? You had nothing to do, and you did nothing. You say, you "had no time." What would you have said had you been in this man's place? He redeemed the time.

The two or three moments in which the milkman was waiting for the answer to his call were embraced by this poor, busy, hard-working man; and who knows but to the saving of his soul? Depend on it, there is a day coming—and it will soon be here—when many rich, learned men would give all their riches, and all their learning, to be able to change places with that poor mud-raker. Go thou and do likewise. This poor man had found Christ to be a precious Master; and it was not because of anything in his circumstances in this world. Though cheerful he was poor. But he had found the grace of the gospel so good, that it was his constant desire to impart his joy to others, by teaching its cause. He could not be silent. He was like the apostles, who, being beaten, and commanded to be silent, said, "We cannot but speak."

Would God the mantle of this poor mud-raker might fall on all the Lord's people!—for soon would this part of the old church history be true again: "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

"I have yet to speak on God's behalf," Job 36: 2.

Dumb children are an affliction to their parents. Lord, unloose all thy children's tongues!—*Spurgeon's Evening Readings.*

STEP BY STEP.

Samuel Burnham's life was one of constant disappointments. He would no sooner begin a course of action than sickness thwarted him. He was in this way kept from college. Because of this he was compelled to give up teaching. By this his literary labors were impeded; and yet his patience was wonderful, and he was never heard to complain. The secret of his endurance and cheerfulness is found in a passage in his daily diary written twenty years ago, at a time when physicians despaired of his life. He wrote: "If I get well, to God will be all the praise; if not, I hope and pray that I may be prepared to submit cheerfully to anything he may have in store for me." His own life was an exemplification of the advice which he himself gave to a young man before whom the way looked dark; "God will point out the path he wishes you to take."

God always makes the next step clear. We are apt to trouble ourselves about the future, but we forget that one step at a time is all we have to take, and that we usually have light enough for that one."

WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

God make my life a little flower,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go!

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bowers,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of praises and praise;
Of faith that never wavereth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

A CHILD'S AMEN.

A mother of a little girl, only four years of age, had been for some time most dangerously ill. The physicians had given her up. When the little girl heard this, she went into an adjoining room, knelt down, and said—

"Dear Lord Jesus, O make my mother well again."

And after she had thus prayed, she said, as though in God's name, with a deep voice, "Amen."

"Yes, my dear child, will do it gladly!"

This was the little girl's Amen. She rose up, joyfully ran to her mother's bed, and said—

"Mother, you will get well!"

And she recovered and is in health to this day.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons.

Never look in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality and promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade.

Trade in money.

Strive to avoid hard words and personalities.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping.

Pray as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as his bond.

Aid, but never beg.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford; simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say "No." No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have few confidants, the fewer the better.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Be vigilant.

Keep rather ahead than behind the times.

Reader, cut out this, and if there be folly in the argument, let us know!

OUR BOOK-SHELVES.

YOUTHFUL. 30
The Gospel of the Kingdom, by Senior Harnwell, a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, 48 pages. The view presented is, that the Kingdom of God is yet to be established—when the King comes—and that it is the duty of the Christian to prepare for it. A very valuable work of 418 pages, embodying as it does a large amount of historical evidence on a subject which has excited the interest of the most distinguished and able writers of the world, and of Israel are fully and fairly discussed, while a history of the doctrine is given. Price \$2.00, or \$2.85 if sent by mail.

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This paper is specially devoted to the advocacy of the speedy, personal, pre-millennial advent of Christ, the glorification of the church at that epoch, the dissolution of the heavens and earth by fire, the resurrection of the dead, and the establishment of the Kingdom of God; and while rejecting—as it has from the commencement of its existence—the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the extinction of the being of the wicked, it will aim to present the truth pertaining to the cross and crown of Christ in such a way as to make one of the best family papers.

WHOLE NO. 1691. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1873. VOL. XXXIV. NO. 51.

Selections.

THE YEAR'S LAST MOMENT.

The crowd sweeps onward still;
And we with it move on
Part of the ever-rushing multitude;
Till the great goal be won,
And for the last time strike the ever-setting sun.

Another hour has struck,
With solemn note, and slow;
Another fragment of time's cliff has rushed
Into the sea below;
Another of earth's streams this moment ceased to
flow.

Another lamp of time,
Has flickered into gloom,
And left us lonelier in our lonely watch;
Waiting the light to come;—
Not, into, but beyond, the life-departing tomb.

Another of time's stars
Has vanished from the sky,
And quenching, one by one, these midnight gems
On high, leaves dark
Another deadland turned, its life
Has passed away.

While beads the quivering start,
Another beacon of the lone, lone sea
Our vessel has shot past,
The shore, the shore is near?—Is that the haven at
last?

Another bridge of life
Has been crossed, and we are
Farther from the shore of life;
We've reached, for now, to explore
The far-foretold green of the not-distant shore.

Another pillar fallen,
In this world temple;—
How fragment upon fragment daily lies,
And hear how heavily
The echoes ring along by the slow-swelling sea!

Another song has closed,
And the deep-truest chord has
A true but varied strain, a vocal answer
And the deep-truest chord has
A true but varied strain, a vocal answer

Oh, well for us to watch,
Our night will soon be o'er;
The day of mortal doom approaches fast,
The Judge is at the door, and all
Awake, arise, my soul, and sleep thy sleep, no
—Horatius Bonar, D. D.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

In the German town of Coblenz, opposite the frowning bastions of Ehrenbreitstein, and just where the waters of the Moselle fall into the Rhine, there stands a monumental fountain. Architecturally it is in no way remarkable. But its inscription, and the history which that recalls, make it one of the most singular monuments in existence. The inscription is in the French language, and consists of two parts. The first bears that the fountain was erected by the French prefect of the department to commemorate the emperor Napoleon's invasion of Russia in the year 1812. The second part is also in French, and reads as a continuation of the first; but it is to the following effect:—*Seen and approved by us, the Russian governor of the town of Coblenz, on the 1st day of January, 1874.* And thus the intended memorial of Napoleonic empire over Europe is converted into a speaking memorial of ambition frustrated and of usurpation driven back.

Our wish for every one of our readers is that on the first day of January, 1874, their souls may present a similar inscription, engraved not by the hand of man, but by the living Spirit of Him who maketh all things new. "God be thanked," says that Divine Spirit to the Christians of Rome, "that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered unto you,—that doctrine into whose mould ye have been cast." "Such," says the same Spirit to the Christians of Corinth, after a fearful descriptive catalogue of sinners who shall not inherit the kingdom of God, "such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "I," says the Apostle Paul, writing by the same Spirit, "I was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy." "Thanks be unto God," he says again, "who always triumpheth over us in Christ [i.e. leads us about in triumph, displaying us as *vanquished* foes, as enemies turned by His grace into friends, and now willing to spend and be spent in His service], and maketh manifest the superiority of his knowledge by us in every place."

Has the reader up to this day borne in the godlessness and sinfulness of his heart and life, the hand-writing of Satan, certifying that he is his? Never through eternity can that shameful fact be obliterated from the memory of things that have been. Yet the record may, "in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God," be turned into the record of one of the facts that only were, but are not; it may, on this new day of the New Year, receive an addition, in characters legible to all men, testifying that a stronger One has conquered Satan, and condemned sin to final expulsion. Then the very magnitude of the past guilt will serve to illustrate the efficacy of that blood of Christ that has procured its forgiveness.

givenness; and the very strain of the bondage and the depth of the degradation, under it will serve as the dark background to render more wonderful the beauty of the sun-lighted landscape into which the soul shall be introduced; it will serve as the foil to the inscription in letters of pure gold on the forehead.

For our already Christian readers, what shall our wish be but that as they have been subdued and consecrated to the Lord, so in His love, in His holy work, and in His consolations, they may, this day make a great advance, and may in their whole life abound more and more?

—British Messenger, March 21, 1873.

AT THE LAST.

When the last day of this dispensation shall arrive, much that is now available for our salvation will be gone for ever. When the last day, hot of a year, but of an age, shall come, every opportunity of seeking grace will be gone for ever. It will be the day of testing character, that is, not of creating a character that is not;—the day of reaping, either in tares for the flame, or in wheat for eternal garner, the seeds that we have sown in the present world. Suppose this day were the last of the age, and the great white throne and the dread Judge were there, and the books were opened; have you to seek what you would then give infinite worlds if you had—a God, a Saviour, pardon of sin, adoption into the family of God, fitness for the kingdom of heaven? Were this day your last on earth, or were this day earth's own last day as it now is, are you ripe for gathering, are you prepared to meet your God? You must feel this momentous thought in that day; anticipate the experience of it, test that experience may be agony at last. Then the Sun of grace will have set behind the hills of the west, only to rise as the Sun of glory in the eternal east upon them that fear Him.

The throne of grace will have been merged into the throne of judgment; and the gates that shut out all that defile, and shut in all that is holy, will be sealed as they will be shut for ever. Upon that last day, you will have heard your last sermon upon earth. A sermon is the least valued of all things that are spoken and printed now; but it is a very solemn thing to hear; it is a very precious thing, however feeble if faithful, to be privileged to listen to. For what are sermons? Voices crying in the desert, "Prepare ye to meet your God." Their excellence is their earnestness, their simplicity, their faithfulness. Now, they may be vehicles of light, and life, and everlasting peace. Their echoes will rise and reverberate at the judgment throne; but not as summonses to believe, but as witnesses either that you have profited by them, or that they have hardened you in your transgression. Suppose, then, that no more appeals were to be addressed to you; suppose that the day were come when it shall be no more said, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" when no kind voice will say, "Behold the Lamb of God;" when no earnest accent will reverberate in your hearing, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Are you now in that state in which such invitations will be unnecessary? Are you now what you would wish to be then, when what you are will endure for ever, and no transition from darkness into light, or from sin to holiness, can take place any more? How dreadful if in that last day of the last dispensation—the one that now is—these words should be addressed to you, when you cry, "Open, open, Lord!" "I have called, and ye refused." "Because I have reached out my hand, and no man regarded;" but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. And day comes when that text shall be actual: it is not true now, it is not fulfilled yet. Have you sought God, and found him? Have you called and been answered? Is Christianity a name, a profession, a decent robe, or is it an inner experience, a life, a power, in the sight of God and before all mankind?

In that last day, the last prayer that will be heard on earth will be offered to God, and no answer in mercy, and in love can be given. Now, however, the suppressed moan of the lowly, humble and believing heart, cleaves the air faster than an angel's pinion, and is heard by God upon His throne amid the voices and songs of the seraphim. But at that day the loudness of the strongest spirit in its agony will provoke an echo, but it will obtain no answer. Now we may

come with boldness to the throne; then there is no throne of grace to come to. Now it is, "Seek, and ye shall find;" then, "Ye shall seek me, but not find me." Now it is, "God never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek my face in vain;" then, "They shall call, but I will not answer." "That day the last affliction that will be sanctified to the people of God will have been dealt out, no more to be repeated. We thank God often for his blessings; how rarely do we thank him for the afflictions that he sends us, which are his richest blessings in disguise. The baptism of sorrow often prepares the heart, as the dew does the soil, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. God knocks now at the door of every heart by affliction, by trial; but then he will knock at hearts no more. A day will come, when the afflictions of the people of God shall cease as chastisements, for they have no need of them; and when the afflictions of those that are not the people of God shall cease as admonitions, for their lot is fixed for ever. Realize that day; conceive it is come; and ask your own selves in the sight of God, What is my trust and hope against that day?—John Cumming, D. D.

Building a bridge across the Niagara river below the Falls was once thought to be impossible. The banks of the river, as we all know, are very high and steep, the distance across nearly an eighth of a mile; and the river here boils and foams so that no boat can stand the fury of the torrent at a moment. Sinking piles and building arches was quite out of the question. Yet a bridge was built—a wire suspension bridge, so called because it had to be hung or suspended by cables driven into huge blocks of granite on each bank. The cables were made of twisted wire. The bridge looked like a spider's thread. But would the cables hold? That had to be tried. How frightened the spectators were when the engineer drove the first carriage over! The bridge quivered to the horses' tread. When he reached the middle might not the weight snap it in two? Might not the horses grow restive, frightened? A terrible leap would that be into the raging water two hundred and fifty feet underneath! But he crossed in safety. The bridge stood the trial. Then it had to be tried by storms. Might not a heavy gale wrench the cables from their fastenings? Gales and storms beat against it and it stood. Might not rust eat off the wires? Time would tell; and time proved that the bridge could be relied on. "I am afraid to trust it, it looks so slender," said one of our party, shrinking back, when we visited the Falls a year afterwards. "It has been tried," said the guide; "there is no danger;" and we crossed in safety.

A new steamboat has to be tried before passengers and freight can be trusted on board; a new railroad has its trial trips before it is thrown open to the public. A few years ago, at the opening of a railroad in Missouri, a train of cars filled with people, many of them gentlemen invited by the directors, set out from St. Louis on a trial trip. On swept the train. The party were in high spirits, when in an instant—crash, crash! Timbers split, joists snapped, one terrible plunge, and down went the cars through a breaking bridge into the river below, a heap of ruins. That bridge had been trusted before it had been tried.

trust in him"; he is a sure friend. (Ps. 80.) In him are safety and protection from the sad effects of sin in this world, and its dreadful consequences in hell hereafter.

DYING AND LIVING.

"Awake," says the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

God never tries his people but he blesses them afterward with a double richness of benediction. After the death-principle comes the radiant life-inspiration of the celestial breezes of Paradise. After the weary drought, comes the divine awakening of the north wind blowing upon his garden, and causing the spices thereof to blow out. It is a fact—stranger than any fiction—this fact that Christians are so slow to believe in the life-principle. We grant readily enough that we are to "suffer with Christ;" but we forget that "those who suffer with him shall also reign with him." "All things are yours;" not "shall be," but "are." Our Father means us to be happy, bids us rejoice, gives us a word of comfort for every sorrow, and yet we weep, moan, wrap our souls up in sorrow, and refuse to look at the comfort; as if we could serve God any better for being miserable; as if we could glorify him more by being always "dissolved in tears." We are as if some sick child should, with the most lugubrious of countenances, accept the bitter draught of healing, saying in a voice of meek martyrdom, "Thank you, father; I know it is for my good; but, oh! it is bitter;" and so go on moaning in a sort of ostentatious submissiveness, regardless of the sweet morsel which the parent holds out to take away the bitter taste.

WORD NEVER BROKEN.

What we want is, not long metaphysical disquisitions on the philosophy of living and dying, but just a coming down into our hearts of simple, beautiful truth, just as God gives it us. The death of Jesus is borne by us in order that the life may be made manifest. If we cherish the death principle, we, if we may use such an expression, as it were, frustrate God's purpose. The dying is to come, and pass, to make way for the glorious life; not the future spiritual life in another state, but the daily, strengthening life which we all need. In one of Mrs. Whitney's beautiful stories, she gives us an exquisite little sermon bearing on this point, when she tells us of the poor child who saved half her apple for a poor woman who was an inhabitant of a charitable institution. The dear old saint, on receiving the little offering, exclaimed with delight that she could just see how Providence had been getting her ready for it. The room was hot, she was very thirsty, no water within reach, but now she cries,

"See it was just Providence a making up my mouth for just this piece of apple!"

She carried her gratitude farther than merely thanking God for relief to her suffering; she went on to adore him for the very trial which prepared her so to enjoy the relief. How much happier should we be if we had old Martha's faith, and even in the midst of trial could trust our Father, that he would not only help us out of trouble, but that by this precise form of affliction, he is only "making up our mouth for the apple!"

The sorrow, whether great or small, is just the shadow of the Father's hand, and when the shadow passes, the hand itself will reach us; and that hand is never empty, nor is it filled with hard things. The shadow frights us. The brighter the sun the deeper the shadows, and often, the fuller our Father's hand is of blessings, the deeper the shadows before those blessings reach us; once ours, how rich they are! "Thou givest them, they gather;" Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

Christian's way to the Celestial City was over the Slough of Despond. He missed the stepping-stones, and went in instead of over; yet the Lord brought him safely through, and in after days he could sing many a song of deliverance from the horrible pit and the miry clay.

Yes, the "dying" is but temporary; it is the "life" which is permanent. The "dying" is but the passage to the "life" room, warmed and gladdened by the presence of the Life-giver. "Dying" is but the means to the grand object "life," a present life in Jesus. And don't we need it? Are there not many of those who can say, "We which live are delivered unto death?" And do not such need an instant help? The waiting cry goes up, "Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." And not in vain peals forth that petition out of the depths; the Lord waiteth to be gracious. The great-

er the "dying" anguish of this present life, the more perfect the quickly-wrought-out life also in this "mortal flesh."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" and when it so cometh, whether the weeping and the joy be spiritual or temporal, in either case, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. —Baptist Union.

"AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF NOAH."

The word of God through his servant Noah had been rejected. He told of judgment; but they did not believe. He spoke of sin and ruin; but they were not convinced. He spoke of remedy; but they would not give heed. They went on with their own plans and speculations, and had no room for God. They acted as if the earth belonged to them by a lease for ever. They forgot that there was a clause of surrender. They thought not of the solemn "until" God was shut out. They thought, spake, and acted for themselves. They did their own pleasure, and forgot God.

My reader, remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, how he said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." And albeit the voice of the scoffer may be heard, saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?" the moment is rapidly hastening on when the scoffer will get their answer. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Pet. 3: 4-10.) This is the answer to the intellectual scoffers of the children of this world.

Now in whatever way we look at the future, from whatever point of view we contemplate it, whether the object which presents itself to the soul's vision be the Church in glory, or the world in flames, we must feel the unspeakable importance of attending to God's present testimony in grace to lost sinners. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6: 2). "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. 5: 19). He is reconciling now, He will be judging by-and-by. It is all grace now; it will be all wrath then. He is pardoning sin now, through the Cross; He will punish it then in hell for ever. He is sending out a message of purest, richest, freest grace. He is telling sinners of an accomplished redemption through the precious sacrifice of Christ. He is declaring that all is done. He is waiting to be gracious. "The long-suffering of our Lord is salvation." "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. 3: 9.)

All this makes the present moment one of peculiar solemnity. Unmingled grace declared! Unmingled wrath impending! How solemn! How deeply solemn! Men dream of a golden age; they feed upon the thought that "tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." But, oh! utterly vain are these thoughts and dreams. Faith can see the clouds gathering in the distance thickly around the world's horizon. Judgment is coming, the day of wrath is at hand. The door will soon be shut. How fearful, then, is it to raise a warning voice—to seek by faithful testimony to counteract man's pitiable self-complacency. True, in doing so, we may be exposed to the charge which Ahab brought against Micaiah, "of always prophesying evil; but no matter for that. Let us prophesy what the Word of God prophesies, and let us do this simply with the purpose of persuading men. The Word of God only removes from beneath our feet a hollow foundation, for the purpose of placing instead thereof a foundation which can never be removed. It takes away "a broken reed" to give us the "Rock of Ages." He sets aside "a broken cistern which can hold no water" to set in its place "the fountain of living waters."

This is true love. It is God's love. He will not cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," nor "dab with untimely mortar." He would have the sinner's heart resting sweetly in His own eternal Ark of safety, enjoying present communion with Himself, and fondly cherishing the hope that, when all the ruin, all the desolation, and all the judgments have passed away, it shall rest with Him in a restored creation.

THE FIRST RECORDED FUNERAL.

The funeral of Sarah, Abraham's wife, is the first on record of the world's history; and the first pecuniary transaction of which we have any account is the purchase by him of a sepulchre for her mortal remains, from the children of Heth. He bought for this purpose the cave of Machpelah, for which he paid "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." The same cave was also Abraham's last resting-place, where he "waits the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."

God—their true Messiah. But they knew they were doing something that was wicked and wrong, for they manufactured lies in order to have Christ delivered into their hands; and I have no doubt but they greatly trembled when they beheld the darkened heavens, the quaking earth, the rending rocks, the shaking temple, the parting veil, the heaving tombs, and consternation upon all faces: for one of their number was forced to cry out, "The world is coming to an end, or the God of nature suffers."

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DIVINE AND HUMAN LOVE.

"Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end."—John 13: 1. The longer the acquaintance of Christians with the Saviour, the more they feel assured of his abiding tenderness and loving care. Every soul has a niche in the temple of his affections, which none other can fill than the one for whom it is prepared. The nearer, higher, and more honored niches are awarded to those who prove their love and fidelity by labor and suffering. The ray of light that pierces my eye is not that which reaches the eye of another; the vibration of sound that causes music to my ear is not the one that comes to another ear, though coming from the same source; so every one born of the Spirit has his own peculiar realization of love Divine. All receive this portion of favor, and thus are a benefit to each other, and a source of satisfaction to their Redeemer, who is a fountain of unsealed love.

How different from this divine love is much of earth-born friendship! How often have we felt that "here is no rest,"—that there is nothing earthly in which we can repose full confidence! It has become the pastime—nay, even the life-work of many, to form new acquaintanceship, and like the coquette, as soon as the excitement and novelty are passed, to discard these associates for some others. These are the sort who seek to find out all your failings and few of your virtues. Who would not wish to keep their heart-strings from their cruel and unfriendly touch! It is the same spirit that causes so little attachment between pastor and people that he soon finds their faces turned away from him, and that they are studying for another sensation. The same spirit enters into all the relations of life and society, making men and women unstable in all their ways, grasping after some supposed but unsubstantial good, and seek to quench a morbid appetite with the unwholy wine of excitement. It is a sign of the last days, 2 Timothy, third chapter. They are "without natural affection," but full of unnatural ones. With them the last new thing is the rage till it has lost its taste—then they are ready for whatever is presented. Like the autumn leaves chasing each other in merry rounds, bright with a soon-fading beauty, they make a gleeful dance around every stable thing in their way—blown by the winds, without any life-seeds to germinate and spring up to good fruits, they have their good time till adversity comes and piles them in a heap!

But there is One who abideth ever, whose foundations are of old, whose joys are ever new, who loveth to the end; and with Bonar we may exclaim—

"O love of God! how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unthought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought."
"O love of God! how deep and great;
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite."

PILATE AND JESUS CHRIST.

The evangelists have all described Jesus at Pilate's judgment bar. When Pilate told Jesus that he had power to crucify him or to release him, Jesus replied: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." John 19: 11. Some suppose Christ here referred to the Roman "power," others to the Divine power, or power of God. No doubt, the remark was true in both cases. But Pilate acted his part in delivering to be crucified one that he knew was a just, and righteous person—one in whom he could find no fault at all. (Luke 23: 22). How could he do it? Poor, timid, time-serving man! utterly unworthy of such a place at such an hour as this. It will require more water than Pilate ever had in his basin to wash the stain of blood-guiltiness from his hands and sin-polluted soul. Pilate little knew or realized what he was doing, and no doubt he was, included with the rest of Christ's murderers in his last prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23: 34)—that is, they do not realize that they are putting to death the Son of

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selves and the All-seeing One which defies our conscience, grieves the Holy Spirit, and mars our peace; and against which we have often resolved, prayed, and struggled; but have not overcome and cast out. We are tempted at times not to mention this to our Heavenly Father; but this course, if persevered in, renders conscience less tender, and it may cease to reprove us; a condition we ought to dread, as we are thus in danger of settling down in sin. It seems to me that we cannot be too watchful and careful here. It is not by flagrant sin, that Satan seeks to entrap us, if we are really children of God; he is perfectly aware that not thus can he cause us to stumble; but by these sly, insidious attacks, in what seems to be so trifling as hardly to be worth mentioning, he often "gets the advantage of us." (2 Cor. 11.)

Sin is a virulent poison, probably more so than any of us are aware of. God only can know its dreadful nature, and he has provided a way for us whereby we may be thoroughly purged from its defilement. How then must he be grieved when we are slow to avail ourselves of the remedy! "He is faithful and just" to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, "if we are willing and in earnest." (1 John 1:9.) If this poison is lurking in us we are contaminated, and we must be perfectly honest and candid before our God, confessing everything with open hearts, and crying earnestly as the Psalmist did, "Search me, O God, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (Psalm 139: 23, 24.)

These little sins (if any sin be little) are often Satan's stronghold; and a fixed determination, a persevering faith, earnest prayer, and often, "fasting," are necessary, to overcome our powerful adversary, and cast him entirely out of the citadel of our hearts, that the Holy Ghost may fill us wholly. (See Matt. 17: 21.) Let not then Satan any longer have that little obscure corner, but come honestly to the Saviour with fixed purpose, "in all your ways to acknowledge him," and you shall find that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." (1 John 1: 7.) If we really desire to have that nearness to our Lord, that we may, that sweet communion with him, that he is ready and willing to grant us;—that "full assurance of faith, and hope, and understanding" which is so desirable, we must heed his loving admonition, especially meant for those who live nearest to him, viz., "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." (Cant. 2: 15.)

J. BURNHAM.

The Advent Herald.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1873.

A PARTING WORD.

With this issue we close the volume and part company with some of our subscribers whose subscription ends with the year. We are sorry to lose them, notwithstanding the ranks will be filled up and increased by others. We have endeavored, according to the wisdom and grace given unto us, to be faithful in our selections and writing; and if we have no more an opportunity to speak a word to them on the cross and crown of Christ they may at least be assured of this, that our desire is for their salvation in the day of the Master's coming. Never were the times more "perilous" than now, and never was there greater need of all faithfully using every means within their reach to aid them in keeping their "garments unsponsored from the world;" but if some decide not to let us visit them weekly for time to come, we can only say in parting, if you are not a Christian, "be not deceived—God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; for he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6: 7, 8.) "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," but not otherwise (Rom. 10: 9, 10.) If however you are a professed follower of Jesus, remember his words: "Take heed to yourselves, lest any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares: for as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth; watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy, to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." (Luke 21: 34-36.)

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.
The Year is a monarch crowned by Jehovah's hand. For twelve months he has reigned supreme. The diadem encircling his brow has not been radiant with judgments but with mercy. It is true that under the administration of the regal Year 1873 there have been storms and earthquakes, sorrows and sufferings; but in view of man's deserts as a sinner how few have been the evils compared with the good which have come directly from his rule! How many days of sunshine we have had compared with those of storm! Look over the past, and recollect God's mercies. Verily the words of the Psalmist will be found true: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness" (Psa. 65: 11.)

Few will see this paper before the Year under whose administration we write these lines will have laid aside the crown and sceptre and joined the long procession of regal years which have vanished. But as the old Year dies we will think and speak kindly of him, and

as a new ruler comes to the throne of Time we will listen to the poet's song:—

"The crown is changed to-day;
The old year and the new
Pass onward, and their varying way
With golden councils strew."
Time dying cries, "Rejoice!"
Time coming cries, "Rejoice!"
Soul, heed the warning that is sent,
And what thou owest, pay.
See thine eternal state,
Decision a step of time;
If heaven be lost, the loss how great!
If gained, what gain sublime!

Waste not time's golden seeds!
Work while the light is given;
Change all thy gold to golden deeds,
And lay them up in heaven.
Give thy whole heart to God;
His offered grace receive;
Accept the trial, kiss the rod,
Love, wonder, and believe.

So shall this New Year's day
With birthday glories shine;
So shall the Old Year's day
Crown thee with life divine.
Pass on, ye Years of probation, crowned
with the "goodness" of God. Proud though you are to us, your dynasty cannot continue for ever. Soon "the Year of the redeemed" will come, and with it the glorification of the Church, the bringing back from the curse of man's lost inheritance, and the establishment of the Kingdom of our Emmanuel. As every retiring Year but lessens the number necessary to complete "the times of the Gentiles" and bring in the times of the Messiah, we need shed no tears over the grave of the departing Year. Bidding an adieu to the old Year and a welcome to his successor, we will continue to look heavenward daily and to the Father pray, "THY KINGDOM COME."

THE ONE LINK.

A Baptist minister in Nova Scotia, in remitting his subscription to the *Herald*, (which he praises and prizes) gives us this item of advice: "Do not draw too much by one link." We take the counsel kindly, though we cannot conceive what harm there would be in our drawing constantly by one link so long as there is not the least danger of that link breaking, and it is very obvious that others who use the chain of truth seldom ever think of drawing by the same link we do.

Three things make it necessary for us to give special prominence to the doctrine of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, viz, the prominence given to it in the scriptures of the New Testament,—the almost total silence of the ministry of our day on the subject,—and our manifest proximity to the great event.

If we dwell on the second advent of Christ to the exclusion of the first,—our glorification without insisting on justification and sanctification as a pre-requisite,—on the crown without the cross, Zion's glory without Calvary's shadows,—we should be doing wrong. Our object is to exhibit the whole lesson which "the grace of God" teaches (see Titus 2: 11-15); and to those who elsewhere hear but little on the consummation of the Christian's hope at the Lord's appearing it may sometimes seem as if we said too much on His coming again. This we endeavor to avoid. The "present truth" embraces all past truth. The "one link" by which we draw belongs to a long chain.

FINANCIAL MISSION REPORT.
In accordance with the request of the Board of the A. M. Association, we make the following financial statement:—
Whole amount due Elder G. W. Burnham to Dec. 9th \$135.48
Received at the office to meet the deficiency, as reported last week \$20.95
Since Dec. 9th—A mite \$1.00
Alice S. Olmstead \$2.00
In this connection we may as well give our missionary's report of

Beloved Brethren:—In addition to some items from this department that have appeared in the *Herald* since my first report of Oct. 7th, I would now respectfully submit this very summary sketch of work to Dec. 9th, embracing nine weeks.

I have preached twenty-two discourses, all (excepting one) being on Sabbath. In Chelsea, Mass., Sabbath Oct. 12th, spoke twice to good assemblies. In New York city on the 19th, twice in the open air to considerable numbers, some of whom it is presumable never enter its costly churches and are supposed to be of a lower strata of its vast babel multitudes. As these furnished "sinners drew near" for the most part quietly, listening to the living oracles in a manner worthy of imitation by many self-pleasing, pride-inflated, over-fed, truth-despising, aristocratical, gorgeous, church-yawning oracles, and as the tears could be seen starting from some of these attentive eyes, a few of us could thank "the God of all grace" for the blessed fullness and adaptedness of the great redemptive plan to reach their depths of misery, and raise them, if they will be raised, to the true riches and glories of his presence in the sinless paradise.

I thought, if we were continued in our toils here another warm season (and indeed felt quite resolved in this thing) that I would stand up for Jesus' out-doors, among the careless, wild throngs, who are not perhaps sinners above all others. Our dear brother Kalip, with other self-sacrificing workers there, and L. R. Gates with his humble, faithful associates in Philadelphia, have a correct view of the precious mission of Christ, and in his worthy name have been doing a good work in this way. Drunkards have been reformed, and the lost sinner saved through their faithfulness. All glory to our risen almighty Saviour.

In Philadelphia I spent six Sabbaths, and spoke usually to small congregations, although a sacrifice in time, and money, physical energies and conven-

iences, with much pains-taking to notify the citizens, was fully made to awaken interest and have a better hearing. I hope when the sowers and reapers rejoice together in the sweet heavenly home, which must be very soon, it will be found that the seventeen discourses there given were at least fruitful in a small degree to the praise of God's glory. In regard to things that seem to be "against us" in these great cities, my suggestions might be mere profitless speculation. I will therefore at this time attempt but little, if anything of the kind. Truth compels me to say this however, that in making many visits, or calls—in accomplishing which, beside the use of street cars, I walked miles almost every day, for weeks,—not a few persons visited failed to manifest those decided cheering proofs of Christian affection which in the earnest lovers of Jesus and "his appearing" are easily "read and known" by all around them. I trust while making this statement, the solemn fact that He who alone surveys in righteousness all human actions, and will shortly judge the secrets of all hearts, has a ruling power in my breast. I could not help thinking, with deep pain at times, as I pursued my wearisome searchings after the scattered flock in the great city, that (unlike the Philadelphia of Rev. 3: 7) here are far more occasions for reproof and exhortation than for commendation and comfort. Yet it is devoutly hoped that of multitudes, professing to love Christ, in the modern city, some will heed the warnings and invitations of the Holy Spirit; so that, with the illustrious white-robed witnesses and victors of the ancient city, and of every age and clime, they may share the blissful abiding, realities of that heavenly Jerusalem, they sought, and the unspeakable glory of that infinite name that in the midst of scoffing tongues they are not ashamed to honor. Oh, that we all as confessors and advent watchers, hearing Him say, "Behold, I come quickly," may not fail to "hold fast, that which we have"—especially, "present truth"—"that no man take our crown."

I must not omit to acknowledge in behalf of the A. M. Association, and as a pleasure to myself, the kind, encouraging words, and deeds (the financial report will show the latter) from a tried few brethren, sisters, and mothers, of the dear Master in Philadelphia. "It is, with deep gratitude that mention is made of such worthy and timely offerings. Names may not often appear in our records of loving deeds, but when He, Zion's King on his throne of glory, shall bless with "fullness of joy" the beloved servants who have ministered in his name to the least of their fellow-servants, they shall be recognized and eternally honored by Him.

In Newburyport I spoke once to an encouraging audience, on Sabbath Dec. 7th, and the day's services was judged to be of decided profit spiritually, while the practical sympathy of the friends for our mission was commendably liberal. God bless the helpers!

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.
The following is the letter which was read at the Board meeting of the A. M. Association, Dec. 9th, as mentioned in the Secretary's minutes. The cards referred to have been prepared and we have begun to distribute them.

REMEMBER ME.
"How?" Why the dear Lord said when on earth, that in the day of his coming again he would say to some, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Well, what do you want to be remembered in?—explain yourself."
"Why, did you not promise, when in Hebron, that you would send us cards, inviting the dear friends of Jesus to write on them the amount they could contribute to help the poor saints scattered abroad, to hear the good news of Jesus, soon coming, through the weekly visits of the *Herald*, which you send to them free, and which somebody must pay for; and for the support of the laboring missionary, who goes as the apostles did, into the highways and byways, to saint and sinner, saying to all, 'The Lord is coming, trim your lamps, have on the wedding garment, that you may enter in to the marriage feast;' and while feeding others with spiritual food, do not he and his family need temporal food and raiment? Then may we not have a share in the 'well done' of the missionary work; and the tracts also he scattered like the leaves of autumn? These and other things were named, to be presented on the cards, that the Lord's people, who have a mind to work, might have the opportunity to do something."

A quarter of a year, has passed since the brethren thought best to do some thing in this way, and what has been done? It is the little grains of sand that build the shore, and little drops of water that fill the ocean. "The children of this world are wise in their generation," said Jesus, and they know what half per cent brings when counted by thousands; and has not Jesus thousands of waiting ones, who would be glad to help a little? Some cannot do much, but can do a little, and keep doing it; and when Jesus comes what a joy it will be to hear from his lips that they have done something to comfort the poor saints; or convert a sinner from from the error of his ways, and thus save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins! Now, dear brethren, don't delay in

this matter any longer. The Master is coming and may find we have not done what we might have done. Time is passing, souls are perishing for lack of the bread of life, saints are slumbering, the worldling is working, and you, brethren, are burdened with a weight of responsibility that others ought to share. Some would gladly do so if the opportunity was given. The "cup of water" given in the name of a disciple shall not lose its reward, any more than the widow's mites escaped the notice of our Lord. The poor want the *Herald*; sinners need the warning voice and tracts; the missionary needs support, and you need to feel that there are hearts all over the land, that beat in harmony with yours for the salvation of souls.
T. WARDLE, M. D.

THE INDEX.
About a month ago a brother in Michigan wrote us:—
"I think the *Herald* worthy of preservation, as it contains many pieces that can be read with interest and benefit, there being nothing but choice selections. I find it a valuable source of illustrations, which I can often use to advantage. Last year we had no index, and fearing it might be so this year I write requesting that, if not too much trouble, you furnish us with one." (Permit me to like myself would be very grateful for it.)
It will be seen that we comply with this request. Those who do not care for an index will find enough on the other three pages to interest them for one week. A mere glance at the table of contents will however show such that a beautiful and varied repast has been spread before them from week to week, during the year; and those who, like ourselves, preserve the papers will find it at times a great convenience to have it!

Correspondence.
LETTER FROM ELDER JACKSON.
Dear Bro. Orrock:—We have been quietly and steadily at work among the three churches of this charge since our removal here in June last; and we have not been left without evidences of God's favor towards us. A few weeks since a young man at Penn Valley, professed conversion and is giving evidence of the reality of the work. A good season was enjoyed at his baptism (Dec. 7th). A few brethren there nobly stand up for Jesus, earnestly doing their work, and the Lord is with them. In this place the interest has been slowly rising for some time, and in our prayer meeting last evening was heard the cry of the penitent and the confession of the wanderer from God. We are encouraged in our work, and are looking for further manifestations of the saving grace of God in the quickening of believers, bringing them up to a higher plane of Christian life, and in the quickening of some who are dead in trespasses and sins.
We have been using the International Series of lessons in our Sabbath school and weekly Bible meeting, as also making them the basis of discourse on Sabbath morning, with much interest and profit. Never before have we so closely traced the Saviour from his birth through his life, sufferings and trials, his death and resurrection, and never have we seen him so inexpressibly lovely and worthy, or realized him more near, real and precious. I do not wonder God's people of the past have spoken of him as "The Chiefest among ten thousand," the "One who is 'fairer than the children of men,' and 'altogether lovely.'" To study, cherish and honor him is the noblest work in which we can be engaged. Now we see through the glass darkly, but ere long we shall see him face to face, and we shall be like him! And while others seem satisfied with the blessings which he imparts in the present, and tell us they "see nothing in his personal presence, specially comforting," deeply grateful for present blessings, my soul refuses to be satisfied until I awake with his likeness and see him in his beauty.

On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who holds the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

Yours, "waiting for the adoption,"
M. L. JACKSON,
Morrisville, Pa., Dec. 20, 1873.

LETTER FROM REV. T. H. SKETCHLEY.
Brother Orrock:—A half dozen of us have embraced the precious doctrine of the pre-millennial reign of Christ upon earth with his saints, and we hope to be instrumental in the hands of God in bringing many others into this precious faith. I wonder that the church has so far lost sight of a doctrine that is so essential to the gospel system. I acknowledge that the *Herald* has been the means of enlightening my mind on this important doctrine, and I shall by the help of God be faithful in preaching it to others. The scriptures are more precious to me than ever before, and so is the love of Jesus. May the good seed be sown throughout this entire country.

We would be very glad if some brother filled with the missionary spirit would visit us. I will not misrepresent, neither do I wish to flatter, but according to my judgment, the Missouri slope is the best country for farming that I have ever seen, and it is a glorious missionary field. I do not reside in Council Bluffs, Iowa, but in Pottawatomie County, and receive my mail at the Bluffs. I have situated my family on a farm, and have two boys large enough to cultivate it without my continual help. I have applied for a certificate of my standing in the Methodist church, that I may, freed from ecclesiastical power, preach the pure gospel of Christ, when and

wherever God may open the way. With this information I subscribe myself your brother in the Gospel,
T. H. SKETCHLEY.
Dec. 15, 1873.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.
Bro. Henry Asselstyn of Swanton, Vt., writes, Dec. 15th:—
"I am an old reader of the *Herald*; I commenced with the *Morning Watch*. My 'threescore years and ten' will run out next April. The Lord is doing great things for me. It seems to me that I am getting the best of the wine at the end of my pilgrimage. My prayer is, Lord, keep me, for I cannot keep myself. May I be more and more submissive until my change comes."
Bro. Ezra Smith of Heuvelton, N. Y., writes:—
"I often think how we lived forty years ago—how plainly attired God's children were, and how plain their places of worship were. O for the old-fashioned school-house religion!—when the power of God was so gloriously manifested that in almost every meeting somebody was converted, and the summer was afraid to meet a minister on the road lest he should enquire of him about the welfare of the soul. There is nothing like living near to God—walking close to Jesus, our Saviour! Let us pray daily, 'O for an older walk with God'; read the Bible much; make religion an every-day work; and live constantly in readiness for the coming of the Lord. Brethren, let us pray more for the ministers, and hold them up in our prayers, that God through them may bless and save."
Bro. John Pearce of Brantford, P. O., Canada, thus closes a business letter:—
"All is finished! do not doubt it; O believe your dying Lord; I will never reason more about it. Only take him at his word."
Yours, hoping to help send the new song of Rev. 5: 9, 10."
Bro. W. T. Moore writes from Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 14th:—
"Every day should strengthen our hope in the speedy appearing of Christ, for the course of the world is just such as is depicted in prophecy as belonging to the 'last days.' Paul's 'perilous times' are upon us. Men of the world are uneasy and perplexed, looking after the things that are coming on the earth. They are in the dark, but we who have the 'sure word of prophecy' and take heed to it are not in darkness, that that day should overtake us as a thief. Our lamps should be brightly burning, and we like men waiting for their Lord. The bright hope we cherish should cause us to be willing to make any sacrifice to advance the interests of our Redeemer. May the Holy Spirit imbue our hearts with love and holy zeal, that we may stand fast in the Lord."

General Intelligence.
RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.
CALCUTTA, Dec. 20.—One-half of the supply of food in the province of Bengal has been exhausted, and it is now believed that a famine can not be averted. Thus far there has been no actual distress among the people.
PRAYER FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—There is need of much intercession for India at the present time, in the prospect of the famine which threatens Bengal. The lowest estimate of the number likely to be affected is 24,000,000, and the present crops are not likely to yield six-sixteenths of a full crop. Partial alleviation is all that can be looked for, but let Christian love and effort do all it can at the present juncture; let them pray for the rulers of the country, that God will give them wisdom and energy in meeting the calamity; that a spirit of liberality may be poured out on the wealthier classes of the community; that it may please God to send rain for the spring crops now in the ground; and, above all, that England may see and turn from, and abhor the sin lying at her door in connection with the opium traffic.—*The London Christian* of Dec. 11th.

An amusing incident occurred on a recent Sunday afternoon, in the University Chapel, Glasgow. The sermon was preached by Dr. CAIRD, before a large attendance of students and of the general public. Mr. DISRAELI was dressed in his Lord Rector's costume, and the professors wore their robes of office. The preacher had quoted the dying words of GORTHE, "Light, more light," and in an eloquent apostrophe he was saying, "Give us light or we die." In the very middle of this sentence, the gas, which had been kept low at the beginning of the service, suddenly blazed forth in full splendor, the church officer having at once turned it on. Dr. CAIRD looked a little disconcerted, and the circumstance provoked a suppressed titter from his audience.

Financially the Evangelical Alliance was a great success. Its outlay was very large. The invited guests had their expenses paid, and the matter of meals furnished at the Association Rooms cost nearly \$4,000. The contributions of the churches were very large. After all had been paid, and each delegate received \$25, and a free pass to Washington and back, the committee found themselves with a surplus on hand.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.
The American Evangelical Alliance has prepared the following order of religious exercises for the "Week of Prayer," and recommends its observance to the evangelical churches throughout the United States.
Sunday, Jan. 4.—Sermons: The unity of the Christian church; the real one-

ness of all Christian believers; hindrances and motives to union; the blessings to be hoped for from the union of believers in prayer.

Monday, Jan. 5.—Confession; our common unworthiness and guilt; Thanksgiving; for national, domestic and personal mercies; temporal and spiritual supplication; for special blessings on the "Week of Prayer." Dan. 9: 7; Malachi 3: 10.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—Prayer for the Christian church; for her increase in faith, holiness and love; for persecuted and suffering Christians; for Christian liberty, and for the more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Col. 1: 9-11; Heb. 13: 3; Hab. 3: 3.

Wednesday, Jan. 7.—Prayer for families; home and parental influence; sons and daughters; the absent, the sick, the erring; inmates of prisons; all educational institutions. Psalms 115: 12-14; 144: 12.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Prayer for nations, for peace among men, for public virtue and righteousness, for the banishment of intemperance, dishonesty, infidelity and superstition, and for the diffusion of pure and Christian literature. Isaiah 9: 17, 18.

Friday, Jan. 9.—Prayer for the evangelization of all nominally Christian countries; for the conversion of Israel; for seamen; for missionaries; for the spread of the Gospel in Mohammedan and heathen countries; for the conversion of the world to Christ. Psalms 68: 31; 122: 6; Heb. 13: 3.

Saturday, Jan. 10.—Prayer for the Christian ministry; for Sunday Schools; for revivals. Matt. 9: 38; Deut. 4: 9; Hab. 3: 2.

Sunday, Jan. 11.—Sermons: Christ's kingdom universal and everlasting. Psalms 97: 1, 2—and the results of the sixth general conference of the Evangelical Alliance.

NEWS ITEMS.

LONDON, Dec. 26. At 5 o'clock this morning the steamer Gipsy Queen struck the wreck of a sunken lighter in the river Tyne and sunk in five minutes. There were between fifty and sixty workmen on board. Twenty were rescued. The remaining thirty or forty men were drowned.

A 600-ton vessel has got both anchors fouled in the telegraph cable in the Strait of Canzo, and offers to cut his chains for \$4000, on condition of receiving new anchors and chains and \$80 a day demurrage while waiting for them. As he would break the cable in hoisting his anchors the telegraphic company will probably give him anchors and chains and demurrage.

The number of emigrants from foreign countries to this during the last fiscal year is 458,803, an increase over last year of 54,997.

SALE OF A LARGE TRACT OF WESTERN LAND TO THE MEMNONITES.—The Directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad have recently concluded the sale of a large tract of land on the line of their road to the Memnonites, who have already arrived in this country, for the purpose of forming a colony to be peopled by the large delegations of their peculiar faith that are expected to arrive in this country in the spring. The present purchase covers 18,000 acres, situated in the vicinity of the town of Halsted, Kansas, which is located at the point where the railroad crosses the Little Arkansas river, and the intention of the purchasers is to eventually secure the control of a tract six miles in width across the entire belt of forty miles which is covered by the land grant of the railroad, and thus bring the town of Halsted under their control. The locality is in the midst of a good farming country and a large flouring mill is soon to be erected at Halsted. The Memnonites are an industrious, enterprising people, possessed of ample means, and their location on the line of this road will bring to it a large and constantly increasing business.—*Journal.*

It is not generally known that a postal card will go to any part of Canada and Newfoundland if a one-cent stamp be affixed in addition to the stamp printed or impressed upon the card.

THE GREAT FOOL.—"Burligh," writing to the *Boston Journal* from New York, Dec. 20th, says: "Not since 1815 has there been such a fog as enveloped Brooklyn and New York the early part of this week. For thirty-six hours in hanging over the cities, nearly suspending both travel and business. At eight o'clock in the morning an excited crowd, at least two thousand strong, stood outside the ferry house, clamoring for a passage to New York. Cashiers with safe-keys, porters holding the keys to warehouses and places of business, sewing girls, clerks, employees, mechanics and men representing all departments of trade anxiously waited to be conveyed over the East river. Teams stretched along up the avenues for miles. Locomotives were an impossibility. Ferry boats collided, and in one or two instances the frightened passengers plunged through the windows into the water. The courts had to suspend business, for witnesses, attorneys and clients were absent. Lamps were lighted at noonday. Many predicted that the end of the world had come, or that the Dark Day was to revisit the city."

THE PERILS OF NAVIGATION.
Every now and then the public attention is called to the perils which attend navigation by some fearful disaster, like the wreck of the Atlantic or the sinking of the Ville du Havre; and the matter becomes the subject of comment until

something of fresher interest crowds it out, and it is easily forgotten. Few persons, however, have any idea of the actual number of disasters at sea, and the steady succession of losses, of property and life, which drain the strength and imperil the stability of marine service. The list of maritime disasters reported, during the single month of October last, includes one hundred and sixty-seven sailing vessels and twenty-one steamers totally lost. This statement does not include the large number of minor casualties and partial losses, nor does it give us any hint, farther than such as we may infer, as to the aggregate loss of human life. The figures, so far as they go, we give without comment; only adding the suggestion that it is a strange circumstance that, in this age of invention and mechanical contrivance, one of the greatest of human interests should continue exposed to such perils, and subject to such fearful losses.—*Boston Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIAN HAND-SHAKING.

Around the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps, because we, ourselves, were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities, we arrive the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business-way of doing things. Shake hands when the Benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postpone the shaking of hands for fifteen minutes will neither damage you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say, a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general, it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

The church-aisle may be the road to heaven. Many a man who was unaffected by what the minister said, has been captured for God by the Christian word of an unpretending layman, on the way out.

You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting, that it amounts to a Benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance, to hold a fork, or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the forearm, and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We are glad the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand. But let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.—*T. De Witt Talmage in Chr. at Work.*

BOXES.

A delegate at the recent National Y. M. C. A. Convention, made use of the following illustration: "We are continually asking Jesus to come and abide with us; we sing, 'Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove'; and yet Jesus is not our continual guest; the Holy Spirit does not take up his abode in us. What is the matter? It seems to me, this is the matter. It is as if a friend came to our door and began to knock; we say, 'Come in! but inside, piled up against the door are huge boxes and bales of goods; and from floor to ceiling, the house is filled. Our friend cannot come in; our welcome is a mockery. He never will come in, till we toss the bales and boxes out of the window, and unbar the door and open it wide. Even so there is One saying, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock.' Perhaps he has waited there a good while; 'His locks seem to be wet with the dew of the night.' He wants to come in, but he will never break in the door. He cannot come in until the 'lands and houses, and merchandise and oxen, that fill every room in our hearts, are utterly cast out, and we open the door and say, 'King of Glory, come in!' Then he will fulfill his promise, 'If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and I will sup with him, and he with me.'"

MEETING AFFLICTION.
The only way to meet affliction is to pass through it solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.—*Miss Mulock.*

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BROE—RASCOE.
At Richford, Vt., Dec. 24, 1873, by
Rev. S. F. Grady, Mr. Vetal Broe, to
Miss Louisa Rascoe, both of Sutton, P.
Q., Canada.

APPOINTMENTS.

L. Osler of Providence, R. I., will preach, the Lord will, in Franklin, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday evenings, January 7th and 8th.

I will preach (D. V.) in Lowell, Jan.
11, 1874, and Eld. J. M. Orrock will
preach in the Hudson Steet Chapel,
Boston, at 3 P. M. of the same day.

I will preach, the Lord willing, in Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 4th.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

A quarterly Conference of Messiah's Church (Evangelical Adventists) will be

Church and Evangelical Adventists will be held at Black Creek, P. O., Canada, Saturday and Sunday Jan. 3 and 4, 1874. All are cordially invited to attend.
Z. W. CAMFIELD, Pres.
S. EBERSOLE, Sec'y.

TO THE A. M. ASSOCIATION.

Esther Ross	3.00
S. Woodcock	1.00
Thomas J. Bailey	.50
David Evans	1.00
Julius T. Beittel	6.00
Elijah Conover	7.00

8, Mrs. Marcia Felt (through P. M.)

2.00; S. Ebersole 7.00; O. E. Noble; Harvey Boardman 2.00; Laura Perkins 3.00; Rev. E. P. Peirce; H. Canfield 2.00; Esther Ross 5.00; E. C. Drew 2.00; James Merrill 1.00; N. Stevens 4.00; D. Thomas Wattle 4.00; E. S. Howe 2.00; Harriet A. Moore 1.00; Mrs. E. M. Fletcher 2.00; Sanford Woodcock 3.00; C. P. Whitten 3.00; Hngh Baker; H. M. Skinner (thank you); Dan Boyce 4.00; Helen M. Howard 2.00; Mrs. John Yataw 1.00; H. D. Ward; I. R. Gates; Mrs. J. Rosseter 2.00; Mrs. John Brown 2.83; Emily J. Saxe—received, and will do the best we can with it; Martha Conkey 2.00; Geo. W. Whitting 2.00; Aaron P. Lynde 2.00; Diedrick Grafting 7.50; T. E. Geo. A. Morrill 2.00; Mrs. J. E. G. E. 2.00; Prudence Pierce 2.00; Thos. A. Parke 1.00—don't know, the paper is mailed regularly Wednesday afternoon; Clement Lovered 1.00; G. Pillsbury 2.00; Thomas J. Bailey 2.50; Betsy Keith 2.00; Mrs. A. F. Drake 2.00; S. F. Grady 1.00; Mrs. Jane M. Calhoun; Henry Tanner 2.00; Alice S. Olmstead 2.00; D. Champain 1.00; Wm. McCullough; Emma L. Swartz—have mailed it to him; Hiram Noves 2.00; David Evans 3.00; Mrs. S. Blanchard 2.00; Eauburn Long 2.00; A. F. Remington 4.00; Mrs. J. B. Beh 1.00; Dr. E. M. Ripley; John Farley 3.00; E. S. Howe 2.00; Geo. W. Moore 3.00; Geo. C. Baker 3.00; Sarah Bridge 2.00; Elijah Cenoover 10.00; Charles Burnham 2.00; Mrs. Angeline T. Walker 2.00; Mrs. M. A. Ober 2.00; Elijah Sprague 2.00; G. M. Pumeo 2.00; L. B. Engles—by 10.00.

BOOKS, TRACTS, &C., SENT
During the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 31.
By mail—S. E. Grody.

The Family Circle.

WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And "Christ for me" my heart doth cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There glooms one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been,
Had we heeded the time as the miser's gold,
Striving our righteous course to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold?

Shrinking from thought that the world could do;
Fearing night, but the touch of crime;
Labouring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide,
That leaves remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?

Who shall give life to the strength e'en now,
While we wait to hear the new year's chime,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The things that pass come not again,
But e'en from the first of his cankered chain,
A golden truth is glimmering through,
That to him who lives from errors past,
And turns away with strength divine,
And makes each year unto the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL CALL UPON THE
NAME OF THE LORD SHALL BE
SAVED."

OBSERVE, I pray you, this little word.
It is a very simple and a very little one;
and yet it is a very great word, for it is
the answer of the living God to every
poor sinner who says, "How can I be
saved?"

"Do you say, 'Why, I am one
that needs to be saved, and often have I
asked that question?' Well, then, here is
God's answer to you:

"Whoever shall call upon the name
of the Lord shall be saved.—Rom. 10:
13.

Now, I would say to those who have
taken this little word, and have called
upon Jesus to save them, it seems to me,
that as to one's self, there are only four
questions to be considered as connected
with this passage.

First. Has God said that any one that
is not safe shall be saved, if he call upon
Jesus?

Second. Have I called?

Third. Is God faithful to his promises?

Fourth. Shall I be saved?

Now, these four questions seem so to
hang together, that the certainty of being
saved is thus made a very simple
thing; for, with this little verse before
me, I say:

The first point is established, and can
not be shaken. It is written, "Who-
ever shall call upon the name of the
Lord shall be saved." This can not be
changed.

The second point is also clear; for it
is a fact that I have called upon the
name of the Lord; and I know it is a
fact which can not be changed.

The third point is certain also. God
can not lie, and therefore—

Fourthly, salvation is secured to me,
and I shall be saved.

And I can not see how this fourth
point can fail, unless one of the three
others fail first; unless the promise be
blotted out of the Scripture; or God be
not faithful to his promise; or, the fact
of my having called be undone.

Observe, it is not presumptuous in me
to say so; for I do not say, "I am sure
I shall be saved," but only, "I am
sure God has said, Thou shalt be saved."

And this makes all the difference. For
God has a right to say what he likes;
and he can make good what he does say.
Is it presumptuous of God to say, "Who-
soever shall call upon the name of the
Lord shall be saved?" or, is it presumptu-
ous in me to use the promise for the
purpose God gave it, or when I know, as
a fact, that I have called, to say, "Well,
God is true, and so his word will come to
pass."

And observe, this general way of put-
ting it is just what men do every day. It
is just in this way rates and taxes are
raised, and that you yourself, perhaps,
are content to pay them. People pay
rates and taxes every day, because they
are among the "whoever" that live in
this parish, or among the "whoever" that
keep such and such and such articles,
and they never expect the Queen, or the
House of Parliament to mention their
names in particular. So again, if a man
would get into the hospital, he has not to
get an invitation from the hospital to
himself; first, but, making his case
known to some governor, to get an order;
unless, indeed, he can show a broken
limb, or some very deadly and pressing
accident, and then most hospitals take
such cases in at once. Now, this is just
the ground the sinner goes upon to God:
"I am a sinner, and thou tellest me, as
such, I am lost." "Lord, save me!"
and the promise is this, "Thou shalt be
saved."

It is strange (save that sin is madness)
how people make excuses for doubting.
Some take the fact of their being sinners,
the very thing which is their greatest
recommendation, yea, the thing without

which there could be no salvation for
them, as their plea for doubting; and
say, "Oh, but I am a sinner!" Pray,
how can Jesus be a Saviour to any but
sinners? Could he save Adam as first
put in the garden of Eden? From what
could he save him? He had every thing
he wanted, and nothing which did not
minister to his blessing, until he became
a sinner; and then he needed a Saviour.
Think, now, as to your body; if you
were ill, and at night were to send off
for a doctor, would you think of making
your illness the reason why he should not
come? Yes, would he not be angry, if
he came and found that you were quite
well, and had sent for him in vain? And
would not the measure in which he (not
you) thought you were in danger, be just
the measure of his joy that he had come?
It is just so with Jesus, as the Physician
of souls.

Some, again, take the symptoms of
sin and make them their plea for doubt-
ing. "Oh, but I do not feel my danger;
I can not call aright, or as I ought; I
feel I have no faith when I call, and no
earnestness!" These things may be all
quite true, yet they are but symptoms of
the delirious complaint which is upon
you; and though they may frighten you,
they will not induce God to be a liar, or
discourage the good Physician whom you
have called in; and observe, he only
says, "Whoever shall call upon the name
of the Lord shall be saved;" and says
nothing about the symptoms you men-
tion. For, as with the doctor I was
speaking of, it is the disease, and the de-
sire to get himself a name as a curer of
all sorts of diseases, which is God's mo-
tive of action, and not the greatness of
your desires. "His name is Jesus, for
he shall save from sin." Take the promise,
which is his medicine, and you will
have done all he looks for his patients to
do; and it will in due time remove the
bad symptoms.

Again, some say, "How can these
things be?" All I say is, "The doctor
gives his medicine, and they that take it
are cured." Moses did not explain how
looking at the brazen serpent (John 3)
would cure, neither do we read of his
lifting up people to see it; he lifted up
the serpent, gave the promise, and God
healed those that looked.

There is many a man who would be
ashamed to rob, or to give the lie to a
fellow man, who yet is not afraid to rob
God, nor to give the lie to his word. I
refer now to those who say, "I believe;
but yet I can not say I shall be saved."

This is terrible pride, and a delusion of
the devil's; very often, too, it is the re-
sult of love to the world being indulged,
and always the proof of want of self-
judgment; for it is giving more honor to
our feelings than to God's word. It is
making God a liar; it is robbing the
Lord Jesus of his honor as the Physician
of souls that are lost; and it is a grieving
of the Holy Ghost, who has said concern-
ing Jesus, "He that heareth my word,
and believeth on him that sent me,
hath everlasting life, and shall not come
into condemnation, but is passed from
death unto life.—English Tract.

THE DOCTOR'S ARGUMENT.

Some years since, while at sea, far
down in the southern latitude, a circum-
stance occurred which may be of interest
to some of your readers, and it may carry
more weight with it when I add that it
is to show how much good may be done
by a lay if he will but speak a word in
season.

For several days we had been lying
almost stationary off the eastern coast of
South America, and as in calm weather
there is comparatively little to do on
shipboard, the captain was enjoying him-
self in the society of his passengers, of
which there were a dozen or more. One
of these was a lad of about fifteen years,
who had been brought up by Christian
parents, and had been made to understand
intelligently what true religion was; not
alone by the teachings of those parents,
but quite as much by their consistent ex-
ample. He was a youth of unusual ob-
servation, quick perception, and with a
love of knowing the reason why, he had
early learned to look below the surface to
know what the truth was. In his quiet
way and pointed replies he had done some
good to his companions.

On the day in question, he was seated
on the quarter-deck near the captain, who
was stretched out under the awning, now
and then glancing at some verse in the
Bible, which he held in his hand. Sudden-
ly turning to a friend sitting near, he said:

"Mr. Paul, do you believe all that this
book says? Are you foolish enough to
think that the one whom you call God
cares enough about man to die for him?"

"Most assuredly I do, captain; if I
did not, I would not be of little value to
me. Did I not believe that by his blood
we are cleansed from all sin—for we are
all, even the best of us, great sinners—
and through his redemption promised an
inheritance in a brighter, better world, I
should be unhappy indeed."

"Consider a man a fool who will be-
lieve anything he can not understand;
and I live up to it. If I can't explain
anything, I won't believe it, and there's
many a thing in this book that you can't
give me the reason for, nor even under-
stand what it means."

Then followed a long discussion, at the
close of which each felt satisfied that his

argument was the most decisive. The
captain, as he walked away, appeared to
congratulate himself upon the able man-
ner in which he had overthrown the fool-
ish, unreasonable faith—as he regarded
it—of his fellow-traveler.

This lad, whom we called "Doctor,"
had been listening intently to the discus-
sion, trying to find some point that he
could bring forward to convince the cap-
tain of the truth, but all to no purpose.
He did not forget the conversation, how-
ever, but pondered over it in silence, and
it was not long before his close watchful-
ness and ready application brought him
an opportunity to attack the captain, and
thus destroy the peace of mind in which
he was indulging.

As is frequently the case in tropical
latitudes, the calm of the past week was
followed by cloudy weather and a suc-
cession of storms, which made it impos-
sible to take solar observations; and as a
consequence, the captain had to trust in a
great measure to his compass. One day
he found he had made a slight error in
his calculations, and was wondering what
it could be, when the thought suddenly
occurred to him that he had forgotten to
allow for variations. This term may
need a slight explanation to those who
are not nautical. When it is impos-
sible to take a solar observation, the position
is found by dead reckoning; that is, taking
the knots run per hour, the difference in
time by the chronometer, and, allowing
for the currents, navigators thus obtain a
pretty close calculation of their position
on the chart.

Our young passenger watched the
captain until he had finished his reckon-
ing, when he stepped up to him and said:
"Captain, what did you say was the
fault in your calculation to-day?"

"Oh! nothing, Doctor, except that I
had neglected to allow for the variation of
my compass; the variation here is about
half a point east."

"What do you mean by variation,
captain?"

"Why, at different times the compass
fails to point due north, and we allow for
the discrepancy."

"But what makes it vary?"

"Well, I can not tell you, but I know
it does, and that is enough for me."

"Oh! you don't understand it then?
How long have you been captain of a
ship?"

"About thirty years." Have you never
studied this so-called variation to find out the
why and wherefore?"

"Yes; a great many times, but if
scientific men can not make it out, I cer-
tainly can not; and therefore I just go it
blind."

An idea at once flashed through the
boy's mind, and he answered the captain
in his own words:

"What a fool you are, captain! Any
man is a fool who will believe what he
can't understand."

The captain began to see the drift of
the boy's remarks, and he tried his best
to get free from his attack, but in vain.
Childlike, the boy continued his ques-
tions, thus driving deeper still the arrow
he had shot.

"Can you tell why the needle points
north, captain?"

"Why, certainly, Doctor. There is
an attraction at the north pole that at-
tracts the magnet that way."

"Well, but that is very indefinite.
What is that attraction? Do you under-
stand it?"

"No, sir, I don't understand it, but I
know it is so; if I did not know it, my
ship would never reach port," said the
captain, now thoroughly roused, as he
felt conscious that his theory was better
than his practice.

The lad felt that he had said enough,
and ended by saying:

"Oh! captain, how much more faith
you have in your compass than you will
admit; but even so, you have given me
the same argument you used against Mr.
Paul, about his religion. I am only a
boy, but I wish you would take the ad-
vice that has been given me by those
older and far wiser. Take your Bible
and study it. I don't ask you to have
any more faith in that than you have in
this compass; but when you see some-
thing you can't understand, just accept
it as God's own message to us, for men
more learned than you have spent their
lives in studying; and tell us it is God's
true gospel, showing us the only way
whereby we shall be saved. Don't try
to pick out the knotty questions, but just
open your Bible and read what Christ
says to you; it can do you no harm, and
it will let it, will do you much good."

The captain did, for he was too sensi-
ble to think that even he could not be
taught by a child, and I have reason to
believe he afterwards became an earnest
follower of Christ.—Observer.

THE RANSOMED PRISONER.

I am about to tell you a true story, my
dear children, which I hope will, with the
Lord's blessing, do you good.

About five years ago, a person was
travelling in a railway carriage from
Bridgewater to Wellington, when on
reaching Durston station, there stepped
into the carriage a policeman, having a
man in his custody. The poor hand-
cuffed prisoner looked very unhappy, as
you may suppose. But his face was so
open and honest, that the passengers who
looked at him felt convinced that he was

not a man who was familiar with crime.
He did not look like one who was in the
habit of doing those very wicked things
that some people commit. One of the
passengers, a horse-dealer, said to him,

"Well, my good fellow, have you been
kicking over the traces?" by which the
horse-dealer meant, "Have you been
transgressing the laws of the land?"

This question, followed by one or two
more, brought out the following facts as
to the prisoner: He was a laboring man,
in the employ of a farmer in Somerset.

On the previous night the farmer's men
had had their harvest-supper; after
which they all drank as much cider as
they liked. This poor man took too
much, grew quarrelsome, and, as he said,
"they tell me I struck somebody; but I
did not know it, for I must have been too
drunk. I was had before the magistrate,
fined 5s., and costs 28s., making 33s. I
was unable to pay it, and asked to be
allowed to pay it by instalments; but they
said that unless I could pay 25s. at
once, and the rest in so many days, I
must go to goal for six weeks, and to
Taunton goal I am now going. I have
left a wife and several children at home,
and I suppose they must go to the work-
house."

See, my dear children, the sorrow and
misery which sin brings ever in its track.
This poor foolish man drank to excess,
and then, in his drunkenness, injured an-
other; thus getting himself into grievous
trouble, and not only himself, but his
poor helpless family. How shocking to
the dear children, to see their father
taken away to prison, while they were
left with aching hearts, not only to mourn
the distressing separation and their father's
disgrace, but also to feel the want of
all those things with which their father's
labor supplied them.

Every passenger in the carriage seem-
ed to feel for the poor man. They talked
together about it, and at last the kind-
hearted horse-dealer said, "We are only
a mile or two from Taunton; if anything
is to be done, it must be done at once.
Policeman, can you set this man at lib-
erty, if his fine and costs are paid?"

"Yes," said the policeman.

"Well, then," continued the horse-
dealer, "here's a sovereign towards it, if
my fellow-passengers will make up the
rest."

The prisoner, on seeing there was a
chance of being set at liberty, appeared
to melt; and over his browned cheeks
the tears stole, one after another, while
he tried to wipe them away with his
chained hands. Each passenger contrib-
uted a part, and when all was put to-
gether, it was found to be enough to meet
the demands of the law upon the prisoner.

The ransom was paid down; the police-
man took out his key, and set him at
liberty; and the poor man, as the fetters
fell from his hands, burst into tears and
sobbed like a child. The manacles were
but just removed when the train reached
Taunton; but instead of walking out a
captive and a criminal, to suffer the pen-
alties of the law, he had broken, he stepped
on to the platform a FREE MAN, and
doubtless within a few hours returned
home to his gladdened and astonished
wife and little ones.

Was not this delightful? Would you
not have liked to have been there, to see
the poor prisoner set free, and afterwards
to see his dear little children, as he
walked into the house, gather round him
in delighted surprise to welcome him home
once more?

But does not this little narrative teach
us something? Does not the position
this poor prisoner was in, faintly resemble
that of every sinner—of every son and
daughter of Adam? Are we not all by
nature sinners, and therefore all our life-
time subject to bondage?

Yes, dear children, all are by nature
under condemnation; and Satan, like the
policeman, has men in his power, while
they, bound hand and foot, under the
dominion of sin, have no strength to deliver
themselves. Time, like the railway train,
is hurrying on with all. "It is appoint-
ed unto men once to die, and after this
the judgment." Oh, what a solemn
thing to reach the end of this life's jour-
ney, only to be shut up for ever in that
dreadful prison where the rich man in the
parable cried in vain for one drop of
water, to cool his tongue, tormented in
the flame! Would you not pity any one
in such a condition? Well, my dear
child, young as you are, if you have not
believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, you
are in this very condition. Yes, young
as you may be, the Word of God declares
you are a sinner. A sinner is under the
dominion of sin, and in the power of
Satan. But ah! there is deliverance for
you. Yes, the ever-blessed Son of God,
the Lord Jesus Christ, has PAID DOWN
THE RANSOM IN HIS OWN BLOOD. We
are all transgressors—all under deserved
sentence of condemnation; all, but for
him, must have come at last to be shut
up under everlasting darkness. But He
bore our sins in His own body on the
tree. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's
Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

God has said so, and "he that believeth
hath everlasting life." Yes, dear chil-
dren, the RANSOM HAS BEEN PAID DOWN
in blood, even the precious blood of God's
dear Son.

Now, if when the passengers in the
carriage paid the ransom money to the
policeman, the prisoner had refused to
believe that he was free, had insisted on
keeping the chains on his hands, and on

going to the dreary prison, would you not
have said that he was mad? Well, dear
children, God himself declares that the
ransom is paid down, that all "is finish-
ed," and that "all that believe are just-
ified from all things." But he has also
declared that "he that believeth not is
condemned already." How solemn to
be condemned, after all, for "making
God a liar!" But I trust that not a few
of those who read these pages have be-
lieved, and know that their ransom has
been paid, because God says so. And
oh, how thankful must they feel to Him
who paid the ransom in His own blood!
and how earnestly should they seek to
"please Him in all things!" But if
there is one little reader who has not yet
believed, may he or she have grace to do
so now. "We are only a mile or two
from Taunton," said the generous horse-
dealer; "if anything is to be done, it
must be done at once." And you, how
near may you be to the end of your life's
journey! "If anything is to be done, it
must be done at once."—British Evan-
gelist.

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

There was an old man of Dartmoor,
who for many years obtained his liveli-
hood by looking after the cattle distributed
over those wild moorland hills. At last,
through infirmity and old age, and the
constant and continual exposure to all
kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed
him, so that he had to seek an asylum in
one of our west of England infirmaries
to end his brief remaining days. While
there he was frequently visited by one of
his grand-daughters, who would occasion-
ally read to him portions of the Word of
God.

One day while this little girl was read-
ing to him the first chapter of the first
epistle of John, when she reached the
7th verse, "And the blood of Jesus
Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,"
the old man raised himself and stopped
the little girl, saying with great earnest-
ness, "Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again; I have
never heard the like before."

The little girl read again, "And the
blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth
us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then take my hand and lay my
finger on the passage, for I should like to
feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand
and placed his bony finger on the 7th
verse, when he said, "Now read it to me
again."

The little girl read with her soft sweet
gentle voice, "And the blood of Jesus
Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then if any one should ask how I
died, tell them I died in the faith of these
words, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ
His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

And with that the old man withdrew
his hand, fell softly back upon the
pillow, and he silently passed into the
presence of Him whose blood cleanseth
us from all sin.

Now, dear reader, may I ask, if you
were called to die, would your testimony
be that of the old blind man of Dart-
moor? Are you resting on the precious
blood of Christ? Have you your sins
forgiven? It is blessed to know this at
the last hour of man's dissolution, but
more blessed to be living in the conscious
enjoyment of sins forgiven through faith
in the atoning blood of Christ, so that
whether living or dying we are enabled
to say to any one who may ask, I live as
well as die in the faith of these words.
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son
cleanseth us from all sin."—British
Evangelist.

"TUCK-AWAY STATION."

We heard of this station a few years
ago from a Christian lady, who came from
the West, expecting to be refreshed by
association with old friends, but who spent
all the time instead at the sick-bed of her
daughter. She told me she had a singu-
lar dream the night before she started
for the East. She thought she was
dropped from the train, and as the cars
rushed on she found herself at a very
lonely-looking place. As her eye glanced
at the name of the station, above the
door, she read, "Tuck-away Station."

Not seeing any one, she thought she
would look around, for she imagined she
would have to wait some time for a train.
And she found the place as singular as
its name. There seemed to be a trem-
bling sensation about the ground, as though
it would give way beneath her feet; but
on stooping down she found just beneath
the earth's surface solid rock. While
examining this curious place she awoke,
and thought no more of her dream until
she found all her plans frustrated, and
instead of mingling with society as she
had anticipated, she was shut in to take
care of the sick.

Again and again since we heard the
dream have we thought of this "Tuck-
away Station." So many of God's dear
saints are tucked away! Some on beds
of sickness; some hedged in by circum-
stances, alone as far as the outward is
concerned, and yet the Father is with
them; the train rushes on and they are
left behind, forgotten, it may be, and yet
at this God-appointed station how much
may be accomplished for Him! We shall

never know, until the books are opened,
how much was done in answer to the
prayers of those who were dropped at
"Tuck-away Station." God is at that
station, with the feeble one lying on a
sick-bed, who would be glad to give in
her testimony for God at a seaside con-
vention for the promotion of holiness, or
at the great camp-meeting where the
lovers of Jesus flock; and while the
heart is there though the body can not be,
the simple prayer of faith that God will
give power to His witnesses for the truth
is answered, and undoubtedly many a
baptism of the Spirit descends in answer
to the prayers of some "tucked away"
saint. Yes, we are God's witnesses, and
testimonies are going up to the throne
continually. Witnesses are on sick-beds,
testifying to the truth. "Ye shall receive
power after that the Holy Ghost is come
upon you!" And power to suffer has
been given, and we find them exceeding
joyful in all their tribulations.

Happy for those who have learned this
lesson, that to be sanctified to God is
everything. It may not be the will of
God we should have health, or social
position, or the means to go here or
there; but this is the will of God, even
our sanctification. And if we are in
this great army, this sacramental host of
God's elect, whether we are on the train
or dropped at "Tuck-away Station,"
whether at the front fighting the enemy,
or laid aside in the hospital, the same
banner floats above us, and the one cause
is ours.

"His saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die.
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

—Times of Refreshing.

THE BLOOD OF SOULS.

One incident of my life has left as deep
an impression as any that ever occurred
to me. It was more than a year after I
had made a profession of religion—which
is just a quarter of a century ago. I had
laid on me a burden for one soul. It
was a young person over whom I had
a great deal of influence, or supposed I had.
I could go to others and speak to them
of religion, and tell what a Savior I
had found, but it was very difficult
for me to approach this young person on
the subject. Month after month rolled
by, and I was still silent toward that soul.

I had no testimony to utter for Christ.
One night when I was dressing in my
room, coming from my knees before God,
and with a heart at last steeled to do the
long-neglected duty, my mother, who was
in an adjoining room, and who had been
reading the evening paper, gave a shriek.
I ran into the room, and she told me she
had just noticed the death of my young
friend! I went to her home, and found,
alas! too truly, that that widowed mother
had lost her only child who had almost in
a moment been snatched away from her.
And what do you think her first words
were to me?

"Do you think Mary died a Christian?"

"Madam," I replied, you ought to
know better than I."

"And you a Christian for more than a
year, and don't know!" she said, with a
look of rebuke that I shall never forget.

I was a pall-bearer at that funeral. A
little white marble stone, in one of the
cemetery of New York, stares me in the
face to this day, and whenever I pass, it
seems to say to me, "On whose skirts
rests the blood of this soul?"

Would you be guiltless of the souls of
your friends? Be earnest in prayer.—
Ralph Wells.

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